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## ESSAYS IN TRANSLATION



# ESSAYS IN TRANSLATION AND OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS

REPRINTED FROM THE

“JOURNAL OF EDUCATION”

WITH

EDITORIAL NOTES AND COMMENTS



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## P R E F A C E.

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THE present volume includes all the Prize Translations that have appeared in the *Journal* during the last three years. The Editor has felt no little hesitation in deciding to bring out a third volume of the series, and put in a permanent shape a number of miscellaneous versions by various hands, and without any unity of plan, except what is indicated by the title, "ESSAYS IN TRANSLATION." He has, however, yielded to the request of numerous competitors, successful and not successful, and he hopes that the book will, if it serves no other purpose, at least be a guide, and in some degree a model, for those who enter the lists. The numbers of entries for the monthly prize have steadily increased, and if we reckon in the non-winners, over ten thousand hands have helped in the making of the book. The multitude of translators is no guarantee of goodness, yet the law of the survival of the fittest does hold good in literature, and secures a certain standard of excellence. The Editor has taken upon himself the responsibility of revising the Prize Versions. The alterations he has made are slight,—what seemed to him obvious slips and carelessnesses which there was no object in perpetuating. It was not possible for him to consult each author, and he must crave their pardon for the editorial licence he has taken.

May these "Essays" also serve as an answer to the

question that is constantly being put to him—Do you want a free or a literal translation? “Free” and “literal” are relative terms, and it is impossible to give a categorical reply without ascertaining first the subjective standard of the querist. It is like asking, Do you prefer a hot or cold room—strong tea or weak? Archdeacon Hare has attempted a definite answer, but the proviso he attaches to it is so sweeping that he leaves the matter much where he found it. He says in “Guesses at Truth”: “A literal translation is better than a loose one, just as a cast from a fine statue is better than an imitation of it; for copies, whether of words or things, must be valuable in proportion to their exactness. In idioms alone the literal rendering cannot be the right one. Hence the difficulty of translations regarded as works of art varies in proportion as the works translated are more or less idiomatic; for in rendering idioms one can seldom find an equivalent which preserves all the point and grace of the original. Hence do the best French books lose so much by being transfused into another language; a large part of the spirit evaporates in the process.”

We might fairly take exception to the analogy from statuary. Who would not prefer a marble replica of an antique by Woolner to any plaster cast? But waving this point, we would ask, What sentence in any language is without idioms, words, phrases, or constructions, which cannot be rendered *verbatim* into another language, without adding to the sense or taking from it, without producing an imperfect if not a false impression? As Dr Jowett well remarks in the Preface to his “Transla-

tion of Plato," "the first requirement of an English translation is that it be English"—*i.e.*, should read as an original work, not as a translation. If this requirement be satisfied, then the more faithful the transcript, the more it retains the characteristic qualities of the original—the very form and fashion of the thought and style—the better will be the translation. But as no two words (except for the simplest objects of sense) are exact equivalents in any two languages, it is only by attending to the broad outlines and neglecting accuracy of detail that this likeness can be produced. Not that the minutest detail can be overlooked with impunity, but the translator must try to compensate in some other way the deficiencies and shortcomings of which he must be conscious at every turn, and which, by reason of the inadequacy of the English language, he cannot directly make good. Dr Jowett and Archdeacon Hare start from opposite poles, but they meet in a *via media*. All translation is a compromise—a parallelogram of forces—the effort to be literal and the effort to be idiomatic.

But we are not writing an *Essay on Translation*, and the very purpose of this collection is to teach, by concrete instances, the art which in our judgment cannot be imparted by any formal rules or precepts. The best answer we can give to our inquirers, and the best definition of the standard by which we decide the prizes, is to quote a crucial sentence from a recent extract not included in this volume, and discuss how far in this particular case a literal version is possible. Victor Hugo writes: "La nature mêle quelquefois ses effets et ses spectacles à nos actions avec une espece d'à-propos

sombre et intelligent, comme si elle voulait nous faire réfléchir." Sir Lascelles Wraxall translates—"Nature at times blends her effects and spectacles with our actions, with a species of gloomy and intelligent design, as if wishing to make us reflect." With the exception of "design," this is an absolutely literal rendering. What is there wrong about it?—that there is something wrong will hardly be disputed. First, it violates Dr Jowett's canon; it does not read like English. Secondly, the rhythm and melody of the original, which affects us as an organ fugue, have all vanished, and the repeated "with" is a positive discord. Thirdly, "spectacles" has a different connotation to *spectacles*, and "gloomy" is not an equivalent to *sombre*. These and similar considerations will force the most faithful translator, step by step, from his literalism, till he finds himself driven to recast the whole sentence. What shape it will ultimately assume we will not presume to say. There is no finality in translation, and our own version is at best (to borrow the apposite *nom de guerre* of one of our competitors) an *asymptote*: "There are times when Nature matches her shows and pageants to human actions with a weird and startling fitness, as though she were a conscious intelligence, bidding us pause and ponder."

Some of the Extra Prizes, especially for the "Greatest Men of Letters" and "Lists of English and French Novels," have created such a wide interest that we have reprinted them with the "Translations."

LONDON, December 1885.

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PRIZE TRANSLATIONS.

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FROM BEAUMARCHAIS' "MARIAGE DE FIGARO."

*Le Comte.* Avec du caractère et de l'esprit, tu pourrais un jour t'avancer dans les bureaux.

*Figaro.* De l'esprit pour s'avancer? Monseigneur se rit du mien. Médiocre et rampant; et l'on arrive à tout.

*Le Comte.* . . . Il ne faudrait qu'étudier un peu sous moi la politique.

*Figaro.* Je la sais.

*Le Comte.* Comme l'anglais, le fond de la langue!

*Figaro.* Oui, s'il y avait ici de quoi se vanter. Mais, feindre d'ignorer ce qu'on sait, de savoir tout ce qu'on ignore; d'entendre ce qu'on ne comprend pas, de ne point ouïr ce qu'on entend; surtout de pouvoir au-delà de ses forces; avoir souvent pour grand secret de cacher qu'il n'y en a point; s'enfermer pour tailler des plumes, et paraître profond, quand on n'est, comme on dit, que vide et creux; jouer bien ou mal un personnage; répandre des espions et pensionner des traîtres, amollir des cachets, intercepter des lettres, et tâcher d'ennoblir la pauvreté des moyens par l'importance des objets: voilà toute la politique, ou je meurs!

*Le Comte.* Eh! c'est l'intrigue que tu définis!

*Figaro.* La politique, l'intrigue, volontiers; mais, comme je les crois un peu germaines, en fasse qui voudra. *J'aime mieux ma mie, ô gué*, comme dit la chanson du bon roi.

## PRIZE TRANSLATION BY MRS MORGAN.

*Count.* By help of energy and mother-wit, you might some day make your way in official life.

*Figaro.* Wit to make one's way? My Lord is pleased to laugh at my poor wits. Be common-place and cringing, and nothing is out of your reach.

*Count.* You would only have to take a few lessons from me in the art of politics.

*Figaro.* 'Tis an art I know.

*Count.* As you do English, just the staple of the language.

*Figaro.* Yes, if there were anything to boast of in that. But, to feign ignorance of what you know, and knowledge where you are ignorant; to pretend that you see what you do not understand, and to be blind to what you see; and, above all, that you can do more than you have power to effect; often to make a great mystery of concealment where there is nothing to conceal; to shut yourself up in your study to mend pens, and appear sagacious, when you have, as they say, but an empty brain-pan; to play the great man, well or ill; to fill the country with spies, and keep traitors in your pay; to tamper with seals, to intercept letters, to try to make the importance of your ends dignify the shabbiness of your means: here, upon my soul, you have the whole art of politics in a nutshell.

*Count.* Why, 'tis intrigue that you are defining.

*Figaro.* Art of politics or art of intrigue, which you will; but, as I hold the two to be cousins-german, let who will meddle with them. "Sweeter to me's my love, heigho!" as says the song of good King Hal. —January 1882.

[For Notes see Appendix, p. 143.]

**WALDVÖGLEIN.**

Waldvöglein, wie singst du heut,  
So herzig lieb, wie nie zuvor !  
Möcht' fliegen ja vor lauter Freud'  
Ein Vöglein hoch zu Gott empor !

Du liebes Vöglein, sing' nur fort,  
So lang 's vermag die kleine Brust !  
Sing' von des Frühlings Herrlichkeit,  
Sing' von des Frühlings Lieb und Lust.

Und sängest du auch ewig fort,  
Viel tausend Jahre, Tag und Nacht,  
Du könntest singen nie genug,  
So schön hat Gott die Welt gemacht !

—REDWITZ.

## PRIZE TRANSLATION BY "ALAUADA."

Sweet forest bird, to-day thy note  
Is louder, gladder, than before,  
With thee my spirit longs to float,—  
With thee I fain to God would soar.

Sing on, sweet forest minstrel ; sing,  
Until thy feeble force be spent,  
The glorious opulence of spring,  
Its love and life and merriment.

And, should thy song for ever ring  
Through endless ages without rest,  
Not half the beauty couldst thou sing,  
So fair the world that God has blest.

—*February 1882.*

**SONNET ÉCRIT SUR UN RONSARD.**

A Tolède, c'était une ancienne coutume  
Qu'avant de prendre enfin le titre d'ouvrier,  
Pendant toute une nuit, chaque élève armurier  
Veillât près du fourneau qui rougeoie et qui fume.

Il façonnait alors un chef-d'œuvre d'acier  
Souple comme un marteau, léger comme une plume,  
Et gravait sur l'estoc encor chaud de l'enclume  
Le nom du maître afin de le remercier.

Ainsi pour toi, Ronsard, ma nuit s'est occupée.  
J'ai tenté, moi, ton humble et fidèle apprenti,  
Ton fier sonnet, flexible et fort comme une épée.

Sous mon marteau sonore a longtemps retenti  
Le bon métal qui sort vermeil de l'âtre en flamme ;  
Et j'ai gravé ton nom glorieux sur la lame.

—COPPÉE.

## PRIZE TRANSLATION BY H. C. BOWEN.

The fashion at Toledo used to be  
That ere a prentice armourer's rank might claim,  
The livelong night beside the murk and flame  
Of the red forge he vigil kept, till he

A blade of steel right cunningly should frame,  
Supple as hammer-heft and feather-light,  
And on the tip still hot from anvil, write  
In reverent tribute the dear master's name.

So for thine honour, Ronsard, all night long,  
Thy humble loving prentice hath essayed  
Thy supple-tempered sonnet, sword-like, strong.

Beneath the sounding sledge long hath he made  
The good steel ring—all red from fiery fret—  
And on the blade thy glorious name hath set.

—*March 1882.*

[*For another version and Notes see Appendix, pp. 144 and 147.*]

## LETTER OF P. L. COURIER.

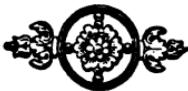
Nous venons de faire un empereur, et pour ma part je n'y ai pas nui. Voici l'histoire. Ce matin, d'Anthouard nous assemble, et nous dit de quoi il s'agissait, mais bonnement, sans préambule ni péroraison. Un empereur ou la république, lequel est le plus de votre goût? comme on dit, Rôti ou bouilli, potage ou soupe, que voulez-vous? Sa harangue finie, nous voilà tous à nous regarder, assis en rond. Messieurs, qu'opinez-vous? Pas le mot; personne n'ouvre la bouche. Cela dura un quart d'heure ou plus, et devenait embarrassant pour d'Anthouard et pour tout le monde, quand Maire, un jeune homme, un lieutenant que tu as pu voir, se lève, et dit: S'il veut être empereur, qu'il le soit; mais, pour en dire mon avis, je ne le trouve pas bon du tout. Expliquez-vous, dit le colonel; voulez-vous? ne voulez-vous pas? Je ne le veux pas, répond Maire. A la bonne heure. Nouveau silence. On recommence à s'observer les uns les autres, comme des gens qui se voient pour la première fois. Nous y serions encore, si je n'eusse pris la parole. Messieurs, dis-je, il me semble, sauf correction, que ceci ne nous regarde pas. La nation veut un empereur, est-ce à nous d'en délibérer? Ce raisonnement parut si fort, si lumineux, si *ad rem*... que veux-tu? j'entraînai l'assemblée. Jamais orateur n'eut un succès si complet. On se lève, on signe, on s'en va jouer au billard. Maire me disait: Ma foi, commandant, vous parlez comme Cicéron; mais pourquoi voulez-vous donc tant qu'il soit empereur, je vous prie? Pour en finir, et faire notre partie de billard.

## TRANSLATION BY MISS L. B. COURTENAY.

[Miss COURTENAY and Mr WILKINSON were adjudged equal in merit.]

We have just been making an Emperor, and, for myself, I was not without a hand in it. The facts are these. This morning d'Anthouard called us together, and laid the question before us quite simply, without preamble or peroration. "An Emperor or a Republic, which do you prefer?"—as one says, "Roast or boiled, clear soup or thick, which will you take?" His speech ended, there we all sat in a circle, looking at each other. "Gentlemen, what is your opinion?" Not a word. No one opens his lips. This went on for a quarter of an hour or more, and was becoming awkward for d'Anthouard and everybody else, when Maire, a young man, a lieutenant, whom you may have met, rose and said—"If he wants to be Emperor, let him; but, to speak my mind, I don't at all approve it." "Explain," said d'Anthouard, "do you vote for or against it?" "Against it," answered Maire. "That's right." Another silence. Again we fall to looking into each other's faces, like folks who never met before. We should be there still, if I had not risen to the occasion. "Gentlemen," said I, "it seems to me, with all deference, that this is no concern of ours. If the nation desires an Emperor, is it a matter for our consideration?" This reasoning of mine appeared so cogent, so luminous, so much to the purpose . . . In short, I carried the meeting with me. Never had orator a more complete success. We all rose, signed, and went off to play billiards. Said Maire to me—"Upon my

Fallait-il rester là tout le jour ? pourquoi, vous, ne le voulez-vous pas ? Je ne sais, me dit-il, mais je le croyais fait pour quelque chose de mieux. Voilà le propos du lieutenant, que je ne trouve point tant sot. En effet, que signifie, dis moi . . . un homme comme lui, Bonaparte, soldat, chef d'armée, le premier capitaine du monde, vouloir qu'on l'appelle Majesté ? Etre Bonaparte, et se faire sire ! *Il aspire à descendre* : mais non, il croit monter en s'égalant aux rois. Il aime mieux un titre qu'on nom. Pauvre homme ! ses idées sont au-dessous de sa fortune. Je m'en doutai quand je le vis donner sa petite sœur à Borghèse, et croire que Borghèse lui faisait trop d'honneur.



word, Captain, you speak like Cicero. But, may I ask, why are you so anxious to see him Emperor?" "To get rid of the matter and have our game at billiards. Were we to stay there all day? And you—why do you object?" "I don't know," said he, "but I thought him fit for better things." Thus spoke the Lieutenant, and by no means like a fool, I trow. After all, what does it mean, tell me—a man like him, Bonaparte—a soldier—at the head of an army—the greatest general in the world—wanting to be called "your Majesty"? To be Bonaparte, and turn himself into Sire! *Aspiring to a lower place!* But no—he really thinks to rise by making himself the equal of kings. He prefers a title to a name. Poor man! his ideas are beneath his fortunes. I suspected this when I saw him give his little sister to Borghese, and think Borghese did him only too much honour.

—*April 1882.*



## LETTER OF P. L. COURIER.

TRANSLATION BY H. WILKINSON.

[Mr WILKINSON and Miss COURTEMAY were adjudged equal in merit.]

We have just been making an Emperor, and I myself had a finger in the pie. It happened in this way. This morning d'Anthouard called us together, and told us what the question was quite simply, without any rhetorical flourishes. "An Emperor or the Republic, which is most to your taste?" Just as one says, "Roast or boiled, thick or clear, which will you take?" His speech over, there we all sat in a ring and stared at each other. "Gentlemen, what is your opinion?" This went on for a quarter of an hour or more, and was growing awkward for d'Anthouard, and for every one else too, when Maire, a young lieutenant, whom you may perhaps have seen, got up and said,— "If he wishes to be Emperor, let him be Emperor; but, to give my own opinion on the subject, I do not approve of it at all." "Give your reasons," said the Colonel, "will you, or not?" "I would rather not," answered Maire. "Good." Again there was silence, again we began to look curiously at each other, like people who meet for the first time. We should have been at it now if I had not spoken. "Gentlemen," said I, "I think, with all deference, that this is no concern of ours. If the nation wishes for an Emperor, is it for us to discuss the question?" This argument was felt to be so strong, so clear, so much to the point, that, in short, I carried the meeting with me. Never had orator so complete a success. We got up, signed, and went to

play at billiards. Maire said to me,—“Why, Captain, you speak like Cicero; but, pray, what makes you so anxious that he should be Emperor?” “To have done with the business, and get to our billiards. Were we to stop there all day? And why do *you* object to it?” “I don’t quite know,” said he, “but I thought he was made for something better.” That is the Lieutenant’s sentiment,—not such a foolish one either, I take it. For, after all, why should such a man as he, Bonaparte, a soldier, at the head of an army, the first General in the world, wish to be called “your Majesty”? Fancy being Bonaparte, and becoming “Sire”!

“Downward to climb and backward to advance.”

But he, on the contrary, thinks that he will be climbing upwards, by making himself the equal of kings. He loves a title better than a name. Poor man! his ideas are beneath his fortunes. I had my suspicions of it when I saw him give away his little sister to Borghese, in the full belief that Borghese was doing him the greatest honour.

—*April 1822.*

[*For Notes see Appendix, p. 148.*]



## DIALOGUE FROM TASSO.

*Tasso.*

O welches Wort spricht meine Fürstin aus !  
 Die goldne Zeit, wohin ist sie geflohen,  
 Nach der sich jedes Herz vergebens sehnt ?  
 Da auf der freien Erde Menschen sich  
 Wie frohe Heerden im Genuss verbreiteten ;  
 Da ein uralter Baum auf bunter Wiese  
 Dem Hirten und der Hirtin Schatten gab,  
 Ein jüngeres Gebüsch die zarten Zweige  
 Um sehn suchtsvolle Liebe traulich schlängt ;  
 Wo klar und still auf immer reinem Sande  
 Der weiche Fluss die Nymphe sanft umfing ;  
 Wo in dem Grase die gescheuchte Schlange  
 Unschädlich sich verlor, der kühne Faun  
 Vom tapfern Jüngling bald bestraft entfloß ;  
 Wo jeder Vogel in der freien Luft,  
 Und jedes Thier, durch Berg' und Thäler schweifend  
 Zum Menschen sprach : Erlaubt ist was gefällt.

*Prinzessin.*

Mein Freund, die goldne Zeit ist wohl vorbei :  
 Allein die Guten bringen sie zurück ;  
 Und soll ich dir gestehen wie ich denke :  
 Die goldne Zeit, womit der Dichter uns  
 Zu schmeicheln pflegt, die schöne Zeit, sie war,  
 So scheint es mir, so wenig als sie ist ;  
 Und war sie je, so war sie nur gewiss,  
 Wie sie uns immer wieder werden kann.  
 Noch treffen sich verwandte Herzen an

## PRIZE TRANSLATION BY THE HON. MRS TOLLEMACHE.

*Tasso.*

What words are these I hear my lady utter?  
The golden age for which each heart in vain  
Still yearns, ah ! whither, whither has it flown ?  
Then o'er the free earth mortals ranged at will,  
Like lusty kine, enjoying life in full.  
The forest patriarch lent its ample shade  
To shepherd and his mate on flowery grass,  
While tender boughs of younger growths entwined  
Round loving hearts their faithful sheltering arms.  
The clear stream, flowing over shining sand,  
Lapped gently round the nymph encircling waves.  
And in the grass the frightened snake was lost,  
Gliding all harmless, while the wanton Faun  
Fled startled by the stripling's bold rebuke.  
*There* every bird that flew in boundless air,  
And beast that wandered through the hills and dales,  
Proclaimed to man : Let Pleasure be thy law.

*Princess.*

My friend, the golden age, in truth, is gone,  
But yet the good may bring it back again ;  
And, shall I tell thee now my inmost thought ?  
The golden age of which the poet speaks  
With flattering tongue, Ah ! never nearer then  
Than now, believe me, was that happy time.  
Or, if it was, then doubtless such a time  
Each generation still may re-create.  
For kindred hearts still meet and share with joy

Und theilen den Genuss der schönen Welt :  
 Nur in dem Wahlspruch ändert sich, mein Freund,  
 Ein einzig Wort : Erlaubt ist was sich ziemt.

*Tasso.*

O wenn aus guten, edlen Menschen nur  
 Ein allgemein Gericht bestellt entschiede,  
 Was sich denn ziemt ! anstatt dass jeder glaubt,  
 Es sey auch schicklich was ihm nützlich ist.  
 Wir sehn ja, dem Gewaltigen, dem Klugen  
 Steht alles wohl und er erlaubt sich alles.

*Prinzessin.*

Willst du genau erfahren was sich ziemt,  
 So frage nur bei edlen Frauen an.  
 Denn ihnen ist am meisten dran gelegen,  
 Dass alles wohl sich zieme was geschieht.  
 Die Schicklichkeit umgibt mit einer Mauer  
 Das zarte leicht verletzliche Geschlecht.  
 Wo Sittlichkeit regiert, regieren sie,  
 Und wo die Frechheit herrscht, da sind sie nichts.  
 Und wirst du die Geschlechter beide fragen :  
 Nach Freiheit strebt der Mann, das Weib nach Sitte.

—GOETHE.



The fulness and the beauty of the world.  
But in the motto change one word, my friend,  
*One* word, and say : Let Duty be thy law.

*Tasso.*

O ! if some universal law were framed  
By good and noble men, to mark the bounds  
Of what is right and seemly ! Now each man  
Calls duty what befits and suits him best.  
Strong men and men with wits can please themselves,  
And make of their own will their only law.

*Princess.*

Wilt thou discern full clearly what beseems,  
Ask noble women ; they are quick to feel  
When aught is done 'gainst seemliness and right.  
For sense of fitness, like a wall, surrounds  
The tender sex, more sensitive to wrong.  
And where good customs reign, their kingdom is ;  
Their sway is gone, where bolder manners rule.  
Ask of each sex : Man still for Freedom strives,  
But Woman holdeth fast to Custom's law.

—May 1882.

[*For another version and Notes see Appendix, p. 149.* ]



## PASSAGE FROM STE. BEUVE.

Ce petit salon de Madame de Sablé, si clos, si visité, et qui, à l'ombre du cloître, sans trop s'en ressentir, combinait quelque chose des avantages des deux mondes, me paraît être le type premier de ce que nous avons vu être de nos jours le salon de l'Abbaye-aux-Bois. Je n'ai à parler ici que de ce dernier.

M. de Chateaubriand y régnait, et, quand il était présent, tout se rapportait à lui ; mais il n'y était pas toujours, et même alors il y avait des places, des degrés, des *à-part* pour chacun. On y causait de toutes choses, mais comme en confidence et un peu moins haut qu'ailleurs. Tout le monde, ou du moins bien du monde allait dans ce salon, et il n'avait rien de banal ; on y respirait, en entrant, un air de discréction et de mystère. La bienveillance, mais une bienveillance sentie et nuancée, je ne sais quoi de particulier qui s'adressait à chacun, mettait aussitôt à l'aise, et tempérait le premier effet de l'initiation dans ce qui semblait tant soit peu un sanctuaire. On y trouvait de la distinction et de la familiarité, ou du moins du naturel, une grande facilité dans le choix des sujets, ce qui est très-important pour le jeu de l'entretien, une promptitude à entrer dans ce qu'on disait, qui n'était pas seulement de complaisance et de bonne grâce, mais qui témoignait d'un intérêt plus vrai. Le regard rencontrait d'abord un sourire qui disait si bien : *Je comprends*, et qui éclairait tout avec douceur. On n'en sortait pas même une première fois sans avoir été touché à un endroit singulier de l'esprit et du cœur, qui faisait qu'on était flatté et surtout reconnaissant.

## PRIZE TRANSLATION BY H. W. EVE.

Madame de Sablé's quiet little drawing-room, so select and yet so frequented, beneath the shade of the cloister, but untouched by its gloom ; those gatherings which were in the world, and yet not of the world, seem to me the prototype of the receptions at l'Abbaye-aux-Bois, as we remember them. It is only of l'Abbaye-aux-Bois I would now speak.

M. de Chateaubriand was supreme there ; and, when he was present, we seemed like a court grouped round its sovereign. But, even in his absence, the same order obtained ; there were places and precedence, and no one was left out in the cold. No topic was excluded ; but the conversation was, so to speak, in a confidential whisper, in a lower key than elsewhere. All society, or at any rate a great deal of society, found its way there, and yet there was nothing commonplace ; you passed at once into an atmosphere of delicate reserve and of mystery. Still, you instantly felt at home ; so completely was the first awe of your initiation in a place about which there hung a faint odour of sanctity softened down by the kindness of your reception—a sympathetic discriminating kindness, that left you with an undefinable sense of being specially welcome. You found there perfect refinement combined with familiarity, or, at least, with perfect ease ; you found that freedom in the choice of topics which is indispensable to the give-and-take of conversation ; you found, too, a readiness to enter into whatever you said, a readiness not merely dictated by courtesy and a desire to please, but betokening a more genuine interest in the subject. Your first glance met that smile of intelligence, more eloquent than words, shedding over all a radiance of gentle sympathy. Even after a single visit, you came away with a sense of having been appreciated, and, what is more, with a feeling of gratitude ; some sympathetic chord had been touched in heart and brain.

—June 1882.

[For other versions and Notes see Appendix, p. 151.]

## LA JEUNE FILLE.

Elle était bien jolie, au matin, sans atours,  
De son jardin naissant visitant les merveilles,  
Dans leur nid d'ambroisie épiant ses abeilles,  
Et du parterre en fleurs suivant les longs détours.

Elle était bien jolie, au bal de la soirée,  
Quand l'éclat des flambeaux illuminait son front,  
Et que de bleus saphirs ou de roses parée  
De la danse folâtre elle menait le rond.

Elle était bien jolie, à l'abri de son voile  
Qu'elle livrait, flottant, au souffle de la nuit,  
Quand pour la voir de loin, nous étions là sans bruit,  
Heureux de la connaître au reflet d'une étoile.

Elle était bien jolie ; et de pensers touchants  
D'un espoir vague et doux chaque jour embellie,  
L'amour lui manquait seul pour être plus jolie ! . . .  
Paix ! . . . voilà son convoi qui passe dans les champs ! . . .

—CHARLES NODIER.

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PRIZE TRANSLATION BY J. E. DARTNELL.

Fair was she, simply dressed at morn,  
The wonders in her garden born  
With light step visiting ;  
From walk to walk, from flower to flower,  
Following amidst their honeyed bower  
Her bees upon the wing.

Fair was she too at evenfall,  
When o'er her brow amidst the ball  
The lamp's soft splendour shed ;  
As with bright rosebuds in her hair,  
Or sapphires, blue as heaven is, there  
The joyous dance she led.

Fair was she with her maiden veil  
Flung free to float upon the gale  
That softly stirred the night.  
If o'er her face but glanced a star,  
Our hearts, as hushed we watched afar,  
Grew full of all delight.

Fair was she : day by day but brought  
Foreshadowings dear and shy sweet thought  
That still new beauty gave :  
Love's crowning grace was yet to be—  
Hush, hush ! for yonder o'er the lea  
They bear her to her grave !

—*July 1882.*

[*For other versions and Notes see Appendix, p. 154.]*

## PASSAGE FROM PAUL HEYSE.

Im September eines Jahres, dessen Stadt- und Dorfgeschichten aus Menschengedenken schon entschwunden sind, sass um die schwüle Mittagszeit ein junger Bursch mitten in dem wuchernden Rebenwald, der, dicht an die Stadt Meran herantretend, die Südabhänge des Kühelberges bedeckt. Die übermannshöhen Laubengänge, in denen hier der Wein gezogen wird, waren mit dem Segen dieses Jahres so beladen, dass ein dunkelgrünes Zwielicht durch die langen lautlosen Gassen schwebte, zugleich eine träge stockende Glut, in der kein Luftzug Wellen schlug. Kaum wo die kleinen Felstreppen zwischen den einzelnen Weingütern schroff bergan laufen, spürte man, dass man ins Freie auftauchte. Denn das Meer von Siedeglut, das in dem weiten Thalkessel wogte, schlug hier doppelt schwer über dem unbeschützten Haupte zusammen. Auch sah man selten einen Menschen des Weges wandern. Nur zahllose Eidechsen liefen feuerfest treppauf treppab und raschelten durch das zähe Epheugestrüpp das die Grundmauern der Rebenäcker reichlich umrankt. Die dunkelblauen Trauben mit den grossen dickschaligen Beeren hingen dichtgedrängt oben an der Wölbung der Laubengitter, und ein seltsam perlender Ton ward in der tiefen Mittagsstille dann und wann hörbar, als kreise vernehmlich der Saft und kochte am Sonnenfeuer in dem edlen Gewächs.

## PRIZE TRANSLATION BY MISS HARRIET BOURDILLON.

In the September of a year of which all record, whether in town or village, has already faded from the memory of man, a young fellow was sitting during the sultry noon tide in the midst of the luxuriant vine-forest which skirts the town of Meran, and clothes the southern slope of the Küchelberg. The covered alleys, so high that the tallest man may pass with ease, in which it is here the custom to train the vines, were this year so laden with fruit that a dark green twilight hung around the long and silent avenues, where not a breath seemed to disturb the oppressive heaviness of the air.

Even where narrow flights of rocky steps led straight up the hill between the different plots of vineyard, you scarcely noticed that you were emerging into the open air, for there the surging sea of heat which filled the broad basin of the valley broke with double violence on your unprotected head. Accordingly it was not often that any one was to be seen passing that way. Only innumerable lizards ran up and down the steps as if they were heat-proof, and rustled among the tough tangle of ivy that clambered everywhere over the low vineyard walls. The dark blue bunches of large thick-skinned berries hung in clustered masses from the over-arching trellis-work, and a curious bubbling sound was audible now and then in the deep stillness of mid-day, as if you could actually hear the juice coursing through the glorious fruit, and simmering in the hot autumn sunshine.

—August 1882.

[For Notes see Appendix, p. 156.]

PASSAGE FROM "VIES DES DAMES  
ILLUSTRES."

Puisqu'il me faut parler des dames, je ne veux m'amuser aux anciennes, dont les histoires sont toutes pleines : et ne seroit qu'en chaffourer le papier en vain ; car il y en a assez d'escrit, et mesmes ce grand Boccace en a faict un beau livre à part. Je ne contenteray donc d'en escrire d'aucunes particulières, et principalement des nostres de nostre France, et de celles de nostre temps ou de nos peres qui nous en ont peu raconter.

Je commenceray donc par la reyne d'Espaigne, Elizabeth de France, et vraye fille de France en tout, belle, sage, vertueuse, spirituelle et bonne, s'il en fut onques ; et croy que, depuis la saincte Elizabeth, onques aucune a porté ce nom, qui l'ait surpassée en toutes sortes de vertus et perfections, encor que ce beau nom d'Elizabeth soit esté fatal en bonté, vertu, saincteté et perfection à celles qui l'ont porté, comme plusieurs ont cru.

Aussy quand elle mourut, ainsy que j'ay ouy conter à feu de M. de Lignerolles qui la vit mourir, estant allé porter au roy d'Espaigne les nouvelles de la victoire de la bataille de Jarnac, jamais on ne vit peuple si desolé ny si affligé, ny tant respandre de larmes qu'il fit, sans se pouvoir remettre en façon du monde, sinon au desespoir et à la plaindre incessamment.

Elle fit une forte belle fin, et d'un courage fort constant, abandonnant ce monde, et desirant fort l'autre.

On parle fort sinistrement de sa mort, pour avoir esté avancée. On dit qu'un Jésuite, fort homme de bien, un

## PRIZE TRANSLATION BY T. F. ALTHAUS.

For as moche as I haue to entreate upon ladyes, I wil not tarry with those of old, whereof all historyes be full: that were trulye but a vayne bescrribbling of paper, seing on this matter yngouge hath been writ; yea, that great author Boccace hath made a fair large boke about nought else. Wherefor I shal contente my selfe to sette down diuers thynges of certayne ladyes in especial, and chiefly of our own, in this our land of France, and of our own time or our fatheres, who may haue borne us recorde concerning them.

And so I purpose to begynne with the Queen of Spayne, Elisabeth of France, and a true daughter of France in al thynges: fair, good, virtuous, and of great witte, and kindly, if euer such there was; and I verily beleue that neuer ladye since the days of S. Elisabeth hath borne that name, which exceld her in al manner of virtues and excellences, notwithstanding this fair name of Elisabeth hath been joined by Prouidence with goodnesse, virtue, holinesse, and perfitnesse in those which haue borne it, as diuers men haue beleued.

Therefor it was that when she died, as I haue heard tell by Sieur de Lignerolles, now deceased, who saw her death, hauing iourneyed to bear unto the King of Spayne the tidings of the victory in the battle of Iarnac, neuer did man se a nation so distressed and sore aggrieved, nor shedding tears soche as this one, lacking heart to return to the old temper of life, by reason of dispayre and lamentation for her without ceasing.

jour en son sermon parlant d'elle, et louant ses rares vertus, charités et bontés, luy eschappa de dire que ç'avoit esté faict fort meschamment de l'avoir faict mourir et si innocente, dont il fut banny jusques au plus profond des Indes d'Espaigne. Cela est très vray, à ce que l'on dit.

—BRANTÔME.



And she made a right noble endynge, shewing a corage that nought mighthe shake, abandoning this werlde, and aspiring unto the nexte.

Men speke very darkelye of her death, that it was hastened. 'Tis pretended that a certayne Iesuit, a right excellent man, chauncing on a time to speke of her in his sermon, and praysing her rare virtues, her charitie and bountie, the saying escap'd him how that it was moste foullye donne to mak her die, so innocent as she was ; for the which he was banished to the farthest ende of the Spanish Indies. And as the bruit is, that is full true.

—*September 1882.*

[*For Notes see Appendix, p. 156.*]



## TREUER TOD.

Wir zogen mit einander,  
 Hornist und Musketier,  
 Vier Arme, wenn wir stritten,  
 Zwei Füsse, wenn wir schritten,  
 Ein Herz, wenn im Quartier.

Wir hielten fest zusammen,  
 Was immer mochte sein ;  
 Sobald mein Horn sich rührte,  
 Da focht und da marschierte  
 Der Brave hinterdrein.

Bis auf das Feld von Lützen,  
 Da traf die Kugel recht,  
 Da lag in seinem Blute  
 Der treue und der gute,  
 Der tapfre Landesknecht—

Und sprach ; “Dass Gott genade !  
 Mir kommt die letzte Noth.  
 Nun deck mich zu mit Rasen  
 Und thu das Lied mir blasen :  
 ‘Wohl starb er treuen Tod.’”

Ich nahm ihn in die Arme,  
 Die Augen schloss er sacht ;—  
 Ob er, ob ich geschieden ?—  
 Wir lagen beid’ in Frieden  
 Und tief auf uns die Nacht.

## PRIZE TRANSLATION BY A. SIDGWICK.

Comrades we marched to battle  
With trumpet and with gun :  
Four arms to fight the foe,  
Two feet in step to go,—  
One heart, when day was done.

Faithful we stood together  
For aught that should betide :  
My horn whene'er I wound  
For march or fight, I found  
My comrade close beside.

We met the foe at Lützen :  
Full straight the bullet flew—  
Bleeding to earth he fell,  
My comrade, loved so well,  
My soldier brave and true.

He spake : “ May God have mercy !  
I draw my dying breath.  
In earth now lay me low,  
And take thy horn and blow :  
Sound—‘ Faithful unto death.’ ”

Close in my arms I clasped him,  
Softly he sank to sleep :  
Was’t he that died, or I ?  
In deathlike peace we lie,—  
Both wrapped in darkness deep.

Drauf deckt' ich ihn mit Rasen,  
 So wie er mir gebot,  
 Und blies mit hellen Zähren  
 Ihm übers Grab zu Ehren :  
 "Wohl starb er treuen Tod."

Als wir nun heimwärts zogen—  
 Die Fahne flog im Wind—  
 Da jauchzten Väter, Brüder,  
 Da drängte durch die Glieder  
 Ein Weib mit ihrem Kind.

Sie forschte rings und winkte  
 Mit Augen thränenroth ;  
 Das Herz schier wollt' mir brechen,  
 Ich blies—nicht konnt' ich sprechen— :  
 "Wohl starb er treuen Tod."

—SCHEURLIN.



Low in the earth I lay him,  
So bade his latest breath :  
Weeping my horn I raise,  
Ring forth his funeral praise  
Of " Faithful unto death."

Homewards our troop came marching,  
The pennons fluttered wild :  
Mid fathers', brothers' shout,  
There struggled through the rout  
A woman and her child.

Her eyes were red with weeping,  
She sought, she beckoned me :  
My heart with sorrow torn,  
Silent, I blew my horn :—  
" Faithful to death was he."

—*October 1882.*

[*For another version and Notes see Appendix, p. 158.*]



## PASSAGE FROM ST SIMON.

Le comte de Gramont mourut à Paris, où il n'étoit presque jamais, à la fin de ce mois de janvier, à plus de quatre-vingt-six ans, ayant toujours eu, jusqu'à quatre-vingt-cinq ans, une santé parfaite et la tête entière, et encore depuis. Il s'étoit attaché à Monsieur le Prince, qu'il suivit en Flandres, s'alla promener après en Angleterre, et y épousa M<sup>lle</sup> Hamilton, dont il étoit amoureux avec quelque éclat, et que ses frères, qui en furent scandalisés, forcèrent d'en faire sa femme malgré qu'il en eût. C'étoit un homme de beaucoup d'esprit, mais de ces esprits de plaisanterie, de reparties, de finesse et de justesse à trouver le mauvais, le ridicule, le foible de chacun, de le peindre en deux coups de langue irréparables et ineffaçables, d'une hardiesse à le faire en public, en présence et plutôt devant le Roi qu'ailleurs, sans que mérite, grandeur, faveur et places en pussent garantir hommes ni femmes quelconques. A ce métier il amusoit et il instruisoit le Roi de mille choses cruelles, avec lequel il s'étoit acquis la liberté de tout dire, jusque de ses ministres. C'étoit un chien enragé à qui rien n'échappoit. Sa poltronnerie connue le mettoit au-dessous de toute suite de ses morsures ; avec cela escroc avec impudence, et fripon au jeu à visage découvert ; et joua gros toute sa vie. D'ailleurs, prenant à toutes mains, et toujours gueux, sans que les bienfaits du Roi, dont il tira toujours beaucoup d'argent, aient pu le mettre tant soit peu à son aise. Il en avoit eu pour rien le gouvernement de la Rochelle et pays d'Aunis à la

## PRIZE TRANSLATION BY HERBERT WILKINSON.

At the end of this January the Count de Gramont died in Paris, where he scarcely ever resided ; he was over eighty-six years of age, and had always enjoyed, up to his eighty-fifth year, and even later, perfect health and full possession of his faculties. He had attached himself to the Prince of Condé, whom he accompanied to Flanders ; he subsequently betook himself to England, and there married Miss Hamilton. The court he paid to her was a matter of some notoriety, and her brothers, indignant at the scandal, compelled him, much against his will, to marry her. He was a man of great wit, but his wit took the form of banter, ridicule, and repartee ; of unerring shrewdness in detecting the vices and weaknesses of each, hitting them off in short caustic phrases which could never be forgiven or forgotten, and bold enough to do this in public, in the king's presence, indeed rather there than elsewhere. No worth, rank, position or favour with the king could secure man or woman from his attacks. In this way he amused the king by telling him countless spiteful tales, till the king allowed him to say what he pleased in his presence, even about his ministers. Like a mad dog, he snapped at everything in his way, and his well-known cowardice secured for his attacks contemptuous impunity. In addition to this, he was an impudent swindler ; he cheated barefacedly at cards, and gambled heavily all his life. Moreover, he grasped at money right and left, yet was always penniless, and not even the bounty of the

mort de M. de Navailles, et l'avoit vendu depuis fort cher à Gacé, depuis maréchal de Matignon. Il avoit les premières entrées, et ne bougeoit de la cour. Nulle bassesse ne lui coûtoit auprès des gens qu'il avoit le plus déchirés lorsqu'il avoit besoin d'eux, prêt à recommencer dès qu'il en auroit eu ce qu'il en vouloit; ni parole ni honneur en quoi que ce fût, jusque-là qu'il faisoit mille contes plaisants de lui-même et qu'il tiroit gloire de sa turpitude, si bien qu'il l'a laissée à la postérité par des *Mémoires* de sa vie, qui sont entre les mains de tout le monde, et que ses plus grands ennemis n'auroient osé publier. Tout enfin lui étoit permis, et il se permettoit tout: il a vieilli sur ce pied-là.



king, from whom he constantly extracted large sums, could ever make him at all prosperous. He received from him as a free gift the post of Governor of La Rochelle and Aunis, at the death of M. de Navailles, and afterwards sold it a dear bargain to Gacé, who later on became Maréchal de Matignon. He had the right of first access to the king, and never stirred from Court. He shrank from no servility even towards those whom he most cruelly defamed, when they could be useful to him, and he was ready to begin again as soon as he had got out of them what he wanted. So utterly devoid was he of good faith and sense of honour, that he would tell ludicrous stories without number at his own expense, and gloried in his shame; indeed he handed it down to posterity in the memoirs of his life, which are now public property, though his bitterest enemies would not have dared to publish them. In fact, he was a privileged person, and he took full advantage of his privileges. In such courses he lived to be an old man.

—November 1882.

[*For Notes see Appendix, p. 159.*]



## PASSAGE FROM "CAUSERIES DU LUNDI."

A propos d'une de ces querelles d'étiquette et de prérogative que Saint-Simon souleva, Louis XIV. ne put s'empêcher de remarquer "que c'était une chose étrange que, depuis qu'il avait quitté le service, M. de Saint-Simon ne songeât qu'à étudier les rangs et à faire des procès à tout le monde." Saint-Simon était possédé sans doute de cette manie de classer les rangs, mais, surtout et avant tout, de la passion d'observer, de creuser les caractères, de lire sur les physionomies, de démêler le vrai et le faux des intrigues et des divers manèges, et de coucher tout cela par écrit, dans un style vif, ardent, inventé, d'un incroyable jet, et d'un relief que jamais la langue n'avait atteint jusque là. "Il écrit à la diable pour l'immortalité," a dit de lui Chateaubriand. C'est bien cela, et mieux que cela. Saint-Simon est comme l'espion de son siècle; voilà sa fonction, et dont Louis XVI. ne se doutait pas. Mais quel espion redoutable, rôdant de tous côtés avec sa curiosité affamée pour tout saisir! "J'examinais, moi, tous les personnages, *des yeux et des oreilles*," nous avoue-t-il à chaque instant. Et ce secret, qu'il cherche et qu'il arrache de toutes parts, jusque dans les entrailles, il nous le livre et nous l'étale, je le répète, dans un langage parlant, animé, échauffé jusqu'à la furie, palpitant de joie ou de colère, et qui n'est autre souvent que celui qu'on se figurera d'un Molière faisant sa pâture de l'histoire.

—STE. BEUVE.

## PRIZE TRANSLATION BY MISS ARABELLA SHORE.

Referring to one of those endless questions of etiquette and prerogative raised by Saint-Simon, Louis XIV. could not refrain from remarking that "it was strange that, since Monsieur de Saint-Simon had quitted the service, he seemed to think of nothing but enquiring into rights of precedence and taking the law of everybody." No doubt, Saint-Simon was possessed by the mania of drawing up tables of precedence ; but, above all, and before all, by the passion for observing, fathoming characters, reading faces, sifting the truth and falsehood of intrigues and various manœuvres ; and setting all this down upon paper in a style full of life, fire, originality, with a wonderful dash and such bold relief as the language had hitherto never attained. "He writes, God knows how," Chateaubriand said of him, "but 'tis for immortality." Just so ; nay, more ; Saint-Simon is, as it were, the spy of his times ; such was his function, one which Louis XIV. never dreamt of. But, how formidable a spy ! prowling everywhere, with a curiosity that hungered insatiably after everything he could seize upon. "As for me, I was scrutinizing each character—with my eyes and my ears,"—so he is ever letting us know. And this secret that he seeks for everywhere, that he tears out from men's very bosoms, he yields it all up to us, spreads it out before us, as I said just now, in a language so life-like, animated, heated even to fury, palpitating with joy or anger—that it is often just what one might suppose that of a Molière taking stock of history.

—December 1882.

[For Notes see Appendix, p. 160.

## PASSAGE FROM SIMONIDES.

Ὅτε λάρνακι ἐν δαιδαλέᾳ  
 ἄνεμος τέ μιν πνέων κινηθεῦσά τε λίμνα  
 δείματι ἥριπεν, οὐτ' ἀδιάνταισι παρειαῖς,  
 ἀμφί τε Περοέῃ βάλλε φίλαν χέρ', εἰπέ τ'. ὡς τέκος,  
 οἷον ἔχω πόνον.  
 σὺ δ' ἀωτεῖς γαλαθηνῷ τ' ἥτορι κινώσσεις ἐν ἀτερπεῖ  
 δούρατι χαλκεογόμφῳ  
 νυκτιλαμπεῖ κινανέψ τε δνόφῳ σταλείς.  
 αὐλάέαν δ' ὑπερθεν τεὰν κόμμαν βαθεῖαν  
 παριόντος κύματος οὐκ ἀλέγεις,  
 οὐδὲ ἀνέμου φθόγγων,  
 κείμενος ἐν πορφυρέᾳ χλανίδι, καλὸν πρόσωπον.  
 εἰ δέ τοι δεινὸν τό γε δεινὸν ἥν,  
 καὶ κεν ἐμῶν ὥρμάτων λεπτὸν ὑπεῖχες οὖας.  
 κέλομαι δ' εὐδέ βρέφος, εὐδέτω δὲ πόντος,  
 εὐδέτω δ' ἀμετρον κακόν.  
 μεταιβολίᾳ δέ τις φανείη, Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἐκ σέο.  
 ὅτι δὲ θαρσαλέον ἔπος  
 εὔχομαι, τεκνόφι δίκαν σύγγνωθί μοι.

## PRIZE TRANSLATION BY F. W. BOURDILLON.

What time, in the dædal-fashioned ark, upon Danae  
There fell the horror of blowing wind and of boisterous  
sea,

Her cheeks were wet as she flung her mother's arms with  
a cry

Over her Perseus : " O, my child, sore troubled am I !  
But thou, with the heart of a child, in the brass-bound  
comfortless hold

Liest asleep, where the light is as night, in the black  
night's fold.

Over thy locks luxuriant washes the wave of the sea,  
Yet are thy locks unwet, and little it troubles thee,  
And little the wind's loud wailing troubles thee, lying hid,  
Fair little face, in the folds of thy crimson coverlid.

Surely, if horror were horror to thee, if fear were fear,  
Now to thy mother's lament thou hadst lent thine infant  
ear.

Nay, sleep on, my babe, for I bid thee sleep ! O sea,  
Sleep ! and sleep for a while my measureless misery !  
Oh that some turn of fortune, some fairer turn to-day,  
Father Zeus, would arise from thy presence ! And if I  
pray

Presumptuously, forgive me, for the child's sake, what I  
say."

—January 1883.

[*For other versions and Notes see Appendix, p. 161.*]

## PASSAGE FROM THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

Il y a dans tout groupe une individualité pivotale, autour de laquelle les autres s'implantent et gravitent comme un système de planètes autour de leur astre.

Petrus Borel était cet astre ; nul de nous n'essaya de se soustraire à cette attraction ; dès qu'on était entré dans le tourbillon, on tournait avec une satisfaction singulière, comme si on eût accompli une loi de nature. On ressentait un peu de l'enivrement du derviche tourneur au milieu de sa fustanelle évasée en cloche par la rapidité de sa valse. . . .

C'était une de ces figures qu'on n'oublie plus, ne les eût-on aperçues qu'une fois. Ce jeune et sérieux visage, d'une régularité parfaite, olivâtre de peau, doré de légers tons d'ambre comme une peinture de maître qui s'agatise, était illuminé de grands yeux brillants et tristes, des yeux d'Abencérage pensant à Grenade. La meilleure épithète que nous puissions trouver pour ces yeux-là, c'est : exotique ou nostalgique. La bouche d'un rouge vif luisait comme une fleur sous la moustache et jetait une étincelle de vie dans ce masque d'une immobilité orientale. . . .

La présence de Petrus Borel produisait une impression indéfinissable dont nous finîmes par découvrir la cause. Il n'était pas contemporain ; rien en lui ne rappelait l'homme moderne, et il semblait toujours venir du fond du passé, et on eût dit qu'il avait quitté ses aïeux la veille. Nous n'avons vu cette expression à personne ; le croire Français, né dans ce siècle, eût été difficile. Espagnol, Arabe, Italien du quinzième siècle, à la bonne heure.

## PRIZE TRANSLATION BY J. H. B. SPIERS.

Every group has its central figure, round which the rest cluster and gravitate like the planets in a system round their sun.

Petrus Borel was this sun ; none of us ever attempted to resist his attraction. No sooner did you come within the vortex, than you spun round with peculiar complacency, as though fulfilling some natural law. You felt somewhat of the rapture of the Spinning Dervish in the centre of his "fustanel," bell-shaped with the swiftness of his waltzing.

His was one of those faces which, once to see, is never to forget. His youthful and grave countenance, with its perfect regularity, its olive skin, with here and there a touch of amber warmth, like the mellowing canvas of an old master, was lit up by his large glistening mournful eyes, the eyes of an Abencerage thinking of Granada. The best description we can give of those eyes is, that they had an alien or homesick look. His bright-red mouth shone like a flower beneath his moustache, and threw a spark of life into the impassive mould of a face eastern in its immobility.

The presence of Petrus Borel produced an indefinable impression, the cause of which we at length discovered. He was not of this age ; nothing in him bespoke the Modern. He always seemed fresh from the far past, as though he had parted from his forefathers but yesterday. In none other have we seen this expression. To believe him a Frenchman, born in the present century, were difficult. A Spaniard, an Arab, or an Italian of the fifteenth, he might well have been.

—February 1883.

[*For Notes see Appendix, p. 164.*]

## POEM OF PIERRE DUPONT.

Nous, dont la lampe, le matin,  
 Au clairon du coq se rallume ;  
 Nous tous, qu'un salaire incertain  
 Ramène avant l'aube à l'enclume ;  
 Nous, qui des bras, des pieds, des mains,  
 De tout le corps, luttons sans cesse,  
 Sans abriter nos lendemains  
 Contre le froid de la vieillesse,  
 Aimons-nous, et quand nous pouvons  
 Nous unir pour boire à la ronde,  
 Que le canon se taise ou gronde,  
 Buvons  
 A l'indépendance du monde !

Nos bras, sans relâche tendus,  
 Aux flots jaloux, au sol avare,  
 Ravissent leurs trésors perdus,  
 Ce qui nourrit et ce qui pare :  
 Perles, diamants et métaux,  
 Fruit de coteau, grain de la plaine.  
 Pauvres moutons, quels bons manteaux  
 Il se tisse avec notre laine !  
 Aimons-nous, et quand nous pouvons, etc.

Quel fruit tirons-nous des labours  
 Qui courbent nos maigres échines ?  
 Où vont les flots de nos sueurs ?  
 Nous ne sommes que des machines.

## PRIZE TRANSLATION BY MISS DENDY.

We're them 'ut when th' fowls awake  
Loight up agen eawr toiny lamp.  
We're them 'ut e'er th' day con break  
Fur a fickle wage to th' anvil tramp.  
We stroive wi' arms an' honds an' feet,  
Wi' eawr loife th' ceaseless war we wage,  
Wi' pain eawr comin' days we greet,  
We're welly safe to clem i' age.  
Then let us howd together, lads,  
An' drink a round if drink we may,  
Let th' stroife be woild or hushed th' fray,  
We'n drink, owd lads,  
To "Independence some foine day."

Eawr arms stretched eawt i' endless toil,  
Their treasures hid wi' pain we tear  
Fro' th' jealous seas an' greedy soil,  
Booath food to eat an' clooas to wear,  
Di'monds an' pearls an' spoils o' th' moine ;  
Grains o' th' plain, fruit o' th' hill !  
Poor silly sheep ! what mantles foine  
Wi' eawr good wool are woven still.  
Then let us howd together, lads, etc.

What fruit o' labbur do we get ?  
Tho' eawr poor backs aw crooked be.  
Wheer be th' rivers o' eawr sweat ?  
What better than machines be we ?

Nos Babels montent jusqu'au ciel,  
La terre nous doit ses merveilles !  
Dès qu'elles ont fini le miel  
Le maître chasse les abeilles.  
Aimons-nous, et quand nous pouvons, etc.

Mal vêtus, logés dans des trous,  
Sous les combles, dans les décombres,  
Nous vivons avec les hiboux  
Et les larrons, amis des ombres :  
Cependant notre sang vermeil  
Coule impétueux dans nos veines ;  
Nous nous plairions au grand soleil,  
Et sous les rameaux verts des chênes !  
Aimons-nous, et quand nous pouvons, etc.

A chaque fois que, par torrents,  
Notre sang coule sur le monde,  
C'est toujours pour quelques tyrans  
Que cette rosée est féconde.  
Ménageons-le dorénavant,  
L'amour est plus fort que la guerre !  
En attendant qu'un meilleur vent  
Souffle du ciel ou de la terre,  
Aimons-nous, et quand nous pouvons, etc.

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We'n built eawr Babels to th' skoies,  
Thro' us th' woide earth its wonders sees ;  
Soon as i' cells th' honey loies,  
Th' measter hunts away th' bees.  
Then let us howd together, lads, etc.

Ill-dressed are we, an' lodged i' slums,  
I' lofts, i' rubbish-holes we're laid,  
Noight-birds an' rascals are eawr chums,  
And such-loike feawk 'ut love th' shade.  
Bu' ne'er-the-less eawr crimson blood  
Rushes impetuous i' eawr veins.  
We'n tak' deloight i' th' green wood,  
And i' free air an' open plains.  
Then let us howd together, lads, etc.

An' every toime yon crimson blood  
I' streams upo' th' world is shed,  
'Tis fur some cruel tyrant brood  
Th' fertilisin' dew is spread.  
I' comin' toimes eawr loives we'n spare  
Sin' love must be more strong than war,  
Still waitin' 'till some sweeter air  
Shall waft fro' earth or Heaven afar.  
Then let us howd together, lads, etc.

—March 1883.

[*For other versions and Notes see Appendix, p. 166.*]



## PASSAGE FROM HEINE.

Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas, Madame !

Aber das Leben ist im Grunde so fatal ernsthaft, dass es nicht zu ertragen wäre ohne solche Verbindung des Pathetischen mit dem Komischen. Das wissen unsere Poeten. Die grauenhaftesten Bilder des menschlichen Wahnsinns zeigt uns Aristophanes nur im lachenden Spiegel des Witzes, den grossen Denkerschmerz, der seine eigene Nichtigkeit begreift, wagt Goethe nur mit den Knittelversen eines Puppenspiels auszusprechen, und die tödlichste Klage über den Jammer der Welt legt Shakespeare in den Mund eines Narren, während er dessen Schellenkappe ängstlich schüttelt.

Sie haben's Alle dem grossen Urpoeten abgesehen, der in seiner tausendaktigen Welttragödie den Humor aufs Höchste zu treiben weiss, wie wir es täglich sehen :— nach dem Abgang der Helden kommen die Clowns und Graziosos mit ihren Narrenkolben und Pritschen, nach den blutigen Revolutionsscenen und Kaiseraktionen kommen wieder herangewatschelt die dicken Bourbonen mit ihren alten abgestandenen Spässchen und zart-legitimen Bonmots, und graziose hüpfst herbei die alte Noblesse mit ihrem verhungerten Lächeln, und hintendrein wallen die frommen Kapuzen mit Lichtern, Kreuzen und Kirchenfahnen ;—sogar in das höchste Pathos der Welttragödie pflegen sich komische Züge einzuschleichen, der verzweifelnde Republikaner, der sich wie ein Brutus das Messer ins Herz stiess, hat vielleicht zuvor daran gerochen, ob auch kein Hering damit geschnitten worden, und auf

## PRIZE TRANSLATION BY D. MACALISTER.

"Tis but a step, madam, from the sublime to the ridiculous ! Aye, and life is at bottom so terribly grim and grave, that none of us could bear to live it through, if the tragedy and the comedy were not blended so. The poets all know that. Aristophanes gives us a glimpse of the ghastliest horrors of human frenzy, but the image plays on the flashing mirror of his wit. Goethe dare not utter the deep aching melancholy of the thinker, who knows and feels his own nothingness, but in the doggerel couplets of a puppet-play. And the wofullest dirge ever sung on this painful, pitiful world, Shakespeare puts in the mouth of a poor fool, jangling all the while the bells of his coxcomb.

They have all caught the trick from the great Arch-Poet himself. In his vast thousand-act tragedy (which we call Life), we ever and anon see him push the humour into utter farce. *Exeunt* the heroes, enter the clowns and harlequins with their baubles and lathen swords. After the bloody Revolution-Scene, and the Grand Imperial Pageant, come waddling on the fat Bourbons with their stale old gags and catchwords, and their thin legitimist witticisms—and the *ancienne noblesse* trip on with dainty steps and hungry smiles—and, winding round behind, a string of saintly cowls with crosses and banners. and tapers lit. Even at the very climax of the tragedy some comic touch slips in ; the desperate republican Brutus, ere he plunges his knife into his heart, sniffs at the blade misdoubtingly lest it smell of a sliced herring,

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dieser grossen Weltbühne geht es auch ausserdem ganz wie auf unsren Lumpenbrettern, auch auf ihr giebt es besoffene Helden, Könige, die ihre Rolle vergessen, Koulissen, die hängen geblieben, hervorschallende Soufleurstimmen, Tänzerinnen, die mit ihrer Lendenpoesie Effekt machen, Kostüme, die als Hauptache glänzen— Und im Himmel oben, im ersten Range, sitzen unterdessen die lieben Engelein, und lorgnieren uns Komödianten hier unten, und der Erzengel sitzt ernsthaft in seiner grossen Loge und Langweilt sich vielleicht, oder rechnet nach, dass dieses Theater sich nicht lange mehr halten kann, weil der Eine zu viel Gage und der Andere zu wenig bekommt, und Alle viel zu schlecht spielen.



On the great stage of All-the-world, things, after all, go much as in a sorry strollers' booth. Heroes are drunk, Kings do not know their parts, the set scenes will not work, the prompter's voice is overheard, the *figurantes* practise the music of their limbs, and bring down the house, the spangled dresses outshine their wearers. And up in heaven the little cherubs are all the while peeping and staring at us comedians here below, and the big Arch-angel sits in his grand state-box without a smile, yawning and bored perhaps, and thinking to himself that the company can't keep going much longer—for one is paid too much, and another too little, and all act vilely.

—*April 1883.*

[*For Notes see Appendix, p. 169.*]



## MAXIMS OF VAUVENARGUES.

1. L'esprit de l'homme est plus pénétrant que conséquent et embrasse plus qu'il ne peut lier.
2. La clarté orne les esprits profonds.
3. Avant d'attaquer un abus, il faut voir si on peut ruiner ses fondements.
4. Les gens d'esprit seroient presque seuls, sans les sots qui s'en piquent.
5. La tranquillité d'esprit passeroit-elle pour une meilleure preuve de la vertu? La santé la donne.
6. Ce qui est arrogance dans les foibles est élévation dans les forts, comme la force des malades est frénésie et celle des sains est vigueur.
7. La familiarité est l'apprentissage des esprits.
8. Les esprits faux changent souvent de maximes.
9. La ressource de ceux qui n'imaginent pas est de conter.
10. La stérilité de sentiment nourrit la paresse.
11. Il est des injures qu'il faut dissimuler pour ne pas compromettre son honneur.
12. Ceux qui se moquent des penchants sérieux aiment sérieusement les bagatelles.
13. Nous aimons quelquefois jusqu'aux louanges que nous croyons pas sincères.
14. L'esprit développe les simplicités du sentiment pour s'en attribuer l'honneur.
15. La clarté est la bonne foi des philosophes. La netteté est le vernis des maîtres.

## PRIZE TRANSLATION BY CHARLES SANKEY.

1. The mind of man is more given to intuition than to syllogism; and comprehends more than it can co-ordinate.
2. Clear expression enhances deep thought.
3. When attacking an abuse, try to sap its foundations before you assault it openly.
4. But for the fools who are wise in their own conceit, wise men would stand almost alone in their wisdom.
5. Peace of mind springs from soundness of body. How then should it be a notable mark of virtue?
6. That which in strong minds is loftiness, in weak minds is arrogance, even as the strength of sick men is delirium, and of healthy men vigour.
7. Familiarity profiteth in the operations of the mind, as apprenticeship doth in a handicraft.
8. Illogical minds know naught of fixed principles.
9. Men void of imagination take refuge in anecdote.
10. He that is sluggish to feel is sluggish to act.
11. There are times when to overlook an insult least imperils a man's honour.
12. Some that ridicule serious tastes are seriously enamoured of trifles.
13. Praise may have a hollow ring, but we like the sound.
14. Wit embellishes a simple sentiment, and cries, "Lo! it is all mine own!"
15. A philosopher is not trustworthy without clearness nor a master polished without precision.

—May 1883.

[For another version and Notes see Appendix, p. 170.]

## HYMN OF PAUL GERHARD.

Geh aus, mein Herz, und suche Freud  
In dieser lieben Sommerzeit  
An deines Gottes Gaben :  
Sieh an der schönen Fluren Zier,  
Wie lieblich sie sich dir und mir  
Nun ausgeschmücket haben.

Die Bäume stehen voller Laub,  
Das Erdreich decket seinen Staub  
Mit einem grünen Kleide :  
Narzissen und die Tulipan,  
Die ziehen sich viel schöner an  
Als Salomonis Seide.

Die Lerche schwingt sich in die Luft,  
Das Täublein fleugt aus seiner Gruft  
Und macht sich in die Wälder :  
Die hochbegabte Nachtigall  
Ergötzt und füllt mit ihrem Schall  
Schon Hügel, Thal und Felder.

Die Glucke führt ihr Völklein aus,  
Der Storch baut und bewahrt sein Haus,  
Das Schwäblein speist die Jungen :  
Der schnelle Hirsch, das leichte Reh  
Ist froh, und kommt aus seiner Höh  
Ins tiefe Gras gesprungen.

## TRANSLATION BY EDITOR.

Sweet summer's come,—go forth, my heart,  
This summer-time, and take thy part  
    In all this God-sent pleasure ;  
See how the gardens now display  
For me and thee their fresh array,  
    To glad us without measure.

The trees are full of leafy shade,  
The russet earth herself has clad  
    In raiment green and tender ;  
The many-coloured tulips' hue  
And tall narcissuses outdo  
    E'en Solomon in splendour.

The laverock quivers high in space ;  
The rock-dove leaves her hiding-place,  
    And seeks the wooded cover ;  
Hark to the rich-voiced nightingale !  
Field, forest, upland, hill and dale,  
    With song are brimming over.

The clucking hen leads forth her brood,  
Storks build and guard their house of wood,  
    From eaves there peep young swallows ;  
The stag leaps down the mountain pass  
To batten on rich meadow grass,  
    Behind, the roe-deer follows.

Die Bächlein rauschen in den Sand  
 Und zieren lieblich ihren Rand  
 Mit schattenreichen Myrten.  
 Die Wiesen liegen hart dabei,  
 Und klingen ganz von Lustgeschrei  
 Der Schaf' und ihrer Hirten.

Die unverdrossne Bienenchar  
 Fleucht hin und her, sucht hier und dar  
 Ihr edle Honigspeise :  
 Des süßen Weinstocks starker Saft  
 Kreigt täglich neue Stärk und Kraft  
 In seinem schwachen Reise.

Ich selbst, ich kann und mag nicht ruhn,  
 Des grossen Gottes grosses Thun  
 Erweckt mir alle Sinnen :  
 Ich singe mit, wenn Alles singt,  
 Und lasse, was dem Höchsten klingt,  
 Aus meinem Herzen rinnen.



The brooklets hum a merry stave,  
And paint their banks and crystal waves  
With glossy myrtle tresses ;  
The pasture meadows all around  
Are echoing with the joyous sound  
Of sheep and shepherdesses.

The bees are flitting too and fro,  
All day from flower to flower they go  
Their honeyed sweets distilling ;  
The vine each day puts forth new shoots,  
With lusty sap from deep-set roots  
Its dainty tendrils filling.

Go forth, my heart ! how can I 'rest,  
When all around supremely blest  
My every sense upraises ?  
I needs must sing when all is singing,  
I needs must praise when all is ringing  
My great Creator's praises.

—*June 1883.*



PASSAGE FROM RENAN'S "SOUVENIRS  
D'ENFANCE ET DE JEUNESSE."

Une des légendes les plus répandues en Bretagne est celle d'une prétendue ville d'Is, qui, à une époque inconnue, aurait été engloutie par la mer. On montre, à divers endroits de la côte, l'emplacement de cette cité fabuleuse, et les pêcheurs vous en font d'étranges récits. Les jours de tempête, assurent-ils, on voit, dans le creux des vagues, le sommet des flèches de ses églises ; les jours de calme, on entend monter de l'abîme le son de ses cloches, modulant l'hymne du jour. Il me semble souvent que j'ai au fond du cœur une ville d'Is qui sonne encore des cloches obstinées à convoquer aux offices sacrés des fidèles qui n'entendent plus. Parfois je m'arrête pour prêter l'oreille à ces tremblantes vibrations, qui me paraissent venir de profondeurs infinies, comme des voix d'un autre monde. Aux approches de la vieillesse surtout, j'ai pris plaisir, pendant le repos de l'été, à recueillir ces bruits lointains d'une Atlantide disparue.

## PRIZE TRANSLATION BY OSCAR BROWNING.

Among the legends most common in Brittany is one of a town called *Is*, which is supposed, at some unknown period, to have been swallowed up by the sea. The place where this fabulous city stood is shown on several points of the coast, and the fishermen tell you strange stories about it. They declare that, on stormy days, the summit of its church spires may be seen in the hollow of the waves, and that, in days of calm, the sound of its bells is heard to rise from the abyss chiming the daily hymn. I often fancy that, at the bottom of my heart too, there lies a town *Is*, still ringing its church bells, never wearying of summoning to service worshippers who no longer listen. I stop sometimes to lend an ear to these trembling vibrations, which seem to me to come from infinite depths, like voices of another world. As old age approaches, I have taken an especial pleasure during my summer rest in gathering up these distant murmurs of a lost Atlantis.

—*July 1883.*

[*For Notes see Appendix, p. 173.*]

## FOLK-SONG.

Que faire s'amour me laisse?  
Nuit et jour ne puis dormir.

Quant je suis la nuyt couchée  
Me souvient de mon amy !

Je m'y levay toute nue,  
Et pris ma robbe de gris.

Passe par la faulce porte  
M'en entray en noz jardins ;

J'ouy chanter l'alouecte  
Et le rousignol jolis,

Qui disoit en son langaige,  
"Veez cy mes amours venir,

En ung beau bateau sur Seine  
Qui est couvert de sappin ;

Les cordons en sont de saye,  
La voille en est de satin ;

Le grant mast en est d'iviere,  
L'estournay en est d'or fin ;

Les mariniers qui le meyment  
Ne sont pas de ce pais :

L'ung est filz du roy de France  
Il porte la fleur de lis ;

L'autre est filz. . . .  
Cestuy la est mon amy."

## PRIZE TRANSLATION BY MISS F. HARRISON.

Ah, wae is me, gin Luve tak' flicht?  
I canna sleep by day or nicht!

Yestreen I lay me down apart,  
But I only thocht on my ain sweetheart.

I rose my lane at break o' day,  
An' buskit mysel' in hodden grey.

I hirpled awa' frae glintin' een,  
And walkit amang the bracken green.

I harkit the laverock high i' th' cloud,  
An' the bonnie mavis lilting loud,

Wha saftly said, in his ain douce parle,  
"Sweethearts come frae the end o' the warl;

"Up the stream in a boatie braw,  
Of the finest wood that ever ye saw;

"The ropes a' twined o' silk sae saft,  
The sails a' wove i' satin waft;

"Wi' mickle mast o' ivory,  
An' helm o' gowd, it's glidin' by;

"The sailors wham aboard I see  
Are gallants no fra' this countree.

"By the flower he wears aboon his brow  
Yon is the king's ain son, I trow;

"T'ither's the son—wha suld it be  
But my ain sweetheart come home to me!"

—August 1883.

[*For another version and Notes see Appendix, p. 173.*]

## POEM OF VICTOR HUGO.

Un hymne harmonieux sort des feuilles du tremble ;  
Les voyageurs craintifs, qui vont la nuit ensemble,  
Haussent la voix dans l'ombre où l'on doit se hâter.

Laissez tout ce qui tremble  
Chanter.

Les marins fatigués sommeillent sur le gouffre.  
La mer bleue où Vésuve épand ses flots de soufre  
Se tait dès qu'il s'éteint, et cesse de gémir.

Laissez tout ce qui souffre  
Dormir.

Quand la vie est mauvaise on la rêve meilleure.  
Les yeux en pleurs au ciel se lèvent à toute heure ;  
L'espoir vers Dieu se tourne et Dieu l'entend crier.

Laissez tout ce qui pleure  
Prier.

C'est pour renaître ailleurs qu'ici-bas on succombe.  
Tout ce qui tourbillonne appartient à la tombe.  
Il faut dans le grand tout tôt ou tard s'absorber.

Laissez tout ce qui tombe  
Tomber.

## PRIZE TRANSLATION BY MRS PUMPHREY.

The aspen leaves intone a measured hymn ;  
Men journeying in fear through darkness dim  
Sing all together, as they haste along :  
So, trembling hearts, solace yourselves with song.

The weary sailor slumbers on the deep ;  
The sea below Vesuvius sinks to sleep,  
And leaves her moaning when the fire-streams cease :  
Even so, tired sufferers, rest and sleep in peace.

When life is hard, men dream of better days ;  
Their tearful eyes unto high Heaven they raise ;  
Hope turns towards God ; God hearkens to her call :  
Find comfort then in prayer, ye weepers all.

Death is but birth into another life,  
The grave ends all the bustle and the strife ;  
We all return into the mighty whole :  
Resign thyself to sink, O sinking soul !

—*September 1883.*

[*For Notes see Appendix, p. 175.*]

## EXTRACT FROM GOETHE.

Es war ein Samstagsabend in Winter. Der Vater liess sich immer bei Licht rasiren, um Sonntags früh sich zur Kirche bequemlich anziehen zu können. Wir sassen auf einem Schemel hinter dem Ofen und murmelten, während der Barbier einseifte, unsere herkömmlichen Flüche ziemlich leise. Nun hatte aber Adramelech den Satan mit eisernen Händen zu fassen. Meine Schwester packte mich gewaltig an und recitirte, zwar leise genug, aber doch mit steigender Leidenschaft :

“ Hilf mir ! ich flehe dich an, ich bete, wenn du es forderst,  
Ungeheuer, dich an ! Verworfner, schwarzer Verbrecher,  
Hilf mir ! ich leide die Pein des rüchenden ewigen Todes ! . . .  
Vormals konnt' ich mit heissem, mit grimmigem Hasse dich hassen !  
Jetzt vermag ich's nicht mehr ! Auch diess ist stechender Jammer ! ”

Bisher war Alles leidlich gegangen ; aber laut, mit furchterliche Stimme, rief sie die folgenden Worte :

“ O wie bin ich zermalmt ! . . . ”

Der gute Chirurgus erschrak und goss dem Vater das Seifenbecken in die Brust. Da gab es einen grossen Aufstand, und eine strenge Untersuchung ward gehalten, besonders in Betracht des Unglücks, das hätte entstehen können, wenn man schon im Rasiren begriffen gewesen wäre. Um allen Verdacht des Muthwillens von uns abzulehnen, bekannten wir uns zu unsren teuflischen Rollen, und das Unglück, das die Hexameter angerichtet hatten, war zu offenbar, als dass man sie nicht aufs neue hätte verrufen und verbannen sollen.

So pflegen Kinder und Volk das Grosse, das Erhabene in ein Spiel, ja in eine Posse zu verwandeln ; und wie sollten sie auch sonst im stande sein, es auszuhalten und zu ertragen !

## PRIZE TRANSLATION BY E. M. FIELD, H.M.I.S.

It was a Saturday evening in winter. My father always had himself shaved by candle-light, so that on Sunday morning he might dress for church at his ease. We sat on a settle behind the stove, and, while the barber made his lather, murmured our usual curses as quietly as might be. But now came the time for Adramelech to lay his iron grasp on Satan. My sister clutched me hard, and recited, in an undertone, but still with rising passion :

“ Help me, help, I beseech, will worship thee, if thou requirest,  
Monster, castaway, fiend, portentous black malefactor !  
Help me ; I suffer the pangs and tortures of death everlasting.  
Time was when I could hate thee with fiery, terrible hatred,—  
Now I can hate no more ; this, too, is heart-goadings sorrow.”

So far all had gone off tolerably well. But when she uttered aloud, and in awful tones, the words that follow,—

“ Woe is me ! how am I shattered !”

the good chirurgeon took fright, and emptied his lather-bowl over my father’s breast. There was a terrible to-do, and a strict investigation was held, special stress being laid on the calamity that might have resulted if the shaving had been already in progress. In order to clear ourselves of all suspicion of malicious intent, we confessed to our diabolic *rôles* ; and the mishap which the hexameters had brought about was so patent, that they could not help being once more denounced and proscribed.

Thus do children and uneducated people generally turn into comedy, into burlesque even, the great and the sublime. How else could they support and endure it ?

—October 1883.

[For Notes see Appendix, p. 176.]

## PASSAGE FROM THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

La déesse dont le corps porte sur une jambe, et qui s'appuie de son genou replié sur un tertre moussu où se froisse un bout de draperie bleue, se présente de dos, les reins cambrés par le mouvement du bras ramassant derrière la tête une opulente torsade de cheveux. La main noyée dans les flots lustrés et bruns, est d'une élégance toute florentine, amenuisée et fuselée comme une main du Primatice ; le visage découpe un profil demi-perdu, très-pur, très-délicat, très-jeune, qui mélange la finesse de la Renaissance à la correction de l'antique ; le bras droit, mollement abandonné sur la hanche, s'enlace au bras potelé d'un petit Cupidon tout frisé et tout rose, qui, de sa lèvre cerise, rit au miroir et se contourne dans une pose gracieusement maniée. Un vélarium de couleur safranée se noue aux branches des arbres, dont le feuillage clairsemé, les tiges grèles, laissent filtrer par places l'azur du ciel et l'azur du lointain. Sur la tête d'un Hermés, qui sourit dans sa barbe de marbre, deux colombes voltigent en se becquetant et en palpitant des ailes. Parmi l'herbe gît le carquois de l'amour, près d'un chapiteau corinthien, auquel les plantes sauvages semblent vouloir ajouter de nouvelles acanthes. Ce chapiteau, débris d'une colonne tombée, vestige d'un peuple disparu, nous inquiète à cette place. A-t-il un sens symbolique, et signifie-t-il déjà que le beau temps de la Grèce est passé, mais que l'éternel féminin ne disparaît pas avec le culte des Dieux ? En effet, le bois ne ressemble guère à un bosquet cythréen ; les arbres ont poussé à l'aventure

## PRIZE TRANSLATION BY MISS E. F. POYNTER.

Turning her back to the spectator, the goddess stands, the weight of her body thrown upon one leg, as she supports herself, with one knee bent, upon a mossy hillock, where an end of blue drapery lies tossed, her shoulders thrown back by the movement of her arm lifted to arrange behind her head a massive coil of hair. Her hand, bathed in its brown and shining waves, has an elegance truly Florentine in character; slender and tapering, it resembles a hand by Primaticcio. The outline of her face, seen in half-profile, is very pure, very delicate, very youthful, blending the subtlety of the Renaissance with the accuracy of the antique; her right arm, dropped with an indolent grace upon the hip, is entwined in the plump arm of a little Cupid, all curly-haired and rosy, who smiles at himself, with his cherry lip, in the mirror, and twists himself round in a charmingly affected attitude. A saffron-coloured velarium is fastened to the branches of the trees, whose thin foliage and slender stems allow the blue of the distance and the blue of the sky to penetrate here and there. Above the head of a Hermes, smiling in his marble beard, two doves hover with caressing bills and fluttering wings. In the grass lies the quiver of the God of Love, near a Corinthian capital, to which the wild herbage seems emulous of adding fresh acanthus leaves. This capital, fragment of a fallen column, vestige of a vanished people, perplexes us by its presence in this spot. Has it a symbolical meaning; and does it signify that the golden prime of Greece is past, but that the

sur un son inégal ; les herbes sauvages hérissent le gazon plein de folle avoine et de buglosse, et même un pissenlit arrondit dans un coin sa boule de duvet. L'Hermés a reçu plus d'une cassure, et la mousse verdit le bas de sa gaîne. Serait-ce l'antique Vénus déchue de l'Olympe qui revient par la force de l'habitude, faire sa toilette à l'endroit où jadis s'élevait parmi les myrtes et les lauriers-roses son gracieux temple de marbre ?



eternal, the essential *feminine* spirit does not disappear with the worship of the Gods? In truth, this wood hardly resembles a Cytherean grove; the trees have sprung up at hazard on the uneven ground; the grass, rough with weeds, is full of wild oats and bugloss; even a dandelion displays its ball of down in one corner. The Hermes is chipped in several places, and the base of his pedestal is stained green by moss. Can this be the Venus of the antique world, who, fallen from Olympus, returns through force of habit to adorn her beauty on the spot where formerly her graceful temple of marble rose among the myrtles and the oleanders?

—November 1883.

[For another version and notes see Appendix, p. 176.]



## EXTRACT FROM LUCAN.

At nox, felicis Magno pars ultima vitæ,  
Sollicitos vana decepit imagine somnos.  
Nam Pompeiani visus sibi sede theatri  
Innumeram effigiem Romanæ cernere plebis,  
Adtollique suum lætis ad sidera nomen  
Vocibus, et plausu cuneos certare sonantes.  
Qualis erat populi facies clamorque faventis,  
Olim quum juvenis primique ætate triumphi  
Post domitas gentes, quas torrens ambit Iberus,  
Et quæcumque fugax Sertorius impulit arma,  
Vespere pacato, pura venerabilis æque  
Quam currus ornante toga, plaudente senatu,  
Sedit adhuc Romanus eques. Seu fine bonorum  
Anxia venturis ad tempora læta refugit,  
Sive per ambages solitas contraria visis  
Vaticinata quies, magni tulit omina planctus :  
Seu vetito patrias ultra tibi cernere sedes,  
Sic Romam Fortuna dedit. Ne rumpite somnos,  
Castrorum vigiles ; nullas tuba verberet aures.  
Crastina dira quies, et imagine moesta diurna  
Undique funestas acies feret, undique bellum.

## PRIZE TRANSLATION BY JAMES RHOADES.

But night, to Magnus last of happy nights,  
With hollow semblance fooled his anxious sleep :  
Seated in Pompey's theatre he seemed  
The phantom-thousands of Rome's folk to see ;  
While shouts of rapture tossed his name to heaven,  
And bench on bench with emulous plaudits rang.  
So looked the people, with such cheers of old  
Hailed him at dawn of manhood, in his youth's  
First triumph, when, victorious o'er the tribes  
Hemmed by the rushing Ebro, with what hosts  
Sertorius, slippery foeman, launched afield—  
The West now quelled—in pure white toga he,  
Majestic as in 'broidered chariot-robe,  
Sat 'mid the applauding senators, as yet  
But Knight of Rome. Whether at fortune's ebb,  
Mistrustful of the future, sleep fled back  
To times of gladness, or, with wonted maze,  
By counter-boding vision presage brought  
Of mighty wailing, or—as doomed no more  
To see thy native land, thus far did fate  
With Rome indulge thee. Break not his repose,  
Camp-sentries ; let no trumpet scourge the ear :  
To-morrow's slumber, terror-fraught and gloomed  
With day's dark image, shall one scene present  
Of boundless slaughter and of boundless war.

—December 1883.

[*For other versions and notes see Appendix, p. 178.*]

## EXTRACT FROM DE VIGNY.

En général, le caractère militaire est simple, bon, patient, et l'on y trouve quelque chose d'enfantin, parce que la vie des régimens tient un peu de la vie des collèges. Les traits de rudesse et de tristesse qui l'obscurcissent lui sont imprimés par l'ennui, mais surtout par une position toujours fausse vis-à-vis de la Nation et par la comédie nécessaire de l'autorité.

L'autorité absolue qu'exerce un homme le constraint à une perpétuelle réserve. Il ne peut dérider son front devant ses inférieurs, sans leur laisser prendre une familiarité qui porte atteinte à son pouvoir. Il se retranche l'abandon et la causerie amicale, de peur qu'on ne prenne acte contre lui de quelque aveu de la vie, ou de quelque faiblesse qui serait de mauvais exemple. J'ai connu des officiers qui s'enfermaient dans un silence de trappiste, et dont la bouche sérieuse ne soulevait jamais la moustache que pour laisser passage à un commandement. Sous l'Empire, cette contenance était presque toujours celle des officiers supérieurs et des généraux. L'exemple en avait été donné par le maître, la coutume sévèrement conservée et à propos ; car, à la considération nécessaire d'éloigner la familiarité, se joignait encore le besoin qu'avait leur vieille expérience de conserver sa dignité aux yeux d'une jeunesse plus instruite qu'elle, envoyée sans cesse par les écoles militaires, et arrivant toute bardée de chiffres, avec une assurance de lauréat, que le silence seul pouvait tenir en bride.

## PRIZE TRANSLATION BY F. W. STEVENS.

Simplicity, good nature, patience—such are in general the characteristics of the soldier, and with them we find a certain childishness, which may be accounted for by the general likeness between the life of the camp and that of the schoolroom.

The imprints of harshness and melancholy which obscure his character are the result partly of ennui, but more particularly of the false position he invariably occupies in relation to the State, and of the necessary observance of the outward forms of authority.

Absolute power imposes on the man who exercises it a perpetual reserve. He cannot unbend before his inferiors without provoking a familiarity that impairs his authority. He holds aloof from friendly intercourse, with its freedom from constraint, lest he should be betrayed into the confession of some indiscretion or weakness that might be set down against him or serve as a bad precedent.

I have known officers who wrapped themselves in a Trappist-like silence, and never opened their stern moustachio'd lips but to give utterance to a command. Under the Empire this demeanour was almost universal among the superior officers and generals. The example had been set by the master, and the habit rigidly preserved as a simple matter of expediency; for beside the necessary consideration of keeping familiarity at a distance, they felt no less the need of maintaining the dignity of their old experience in the eyes of a younger and better educated generation of men, whom the military schools were constantly sending forth, crammed with figures and possessed of an assurance born of academic triumphs that silence alone could hold in check.

—February 1884.

[*For another version and notes see Appendix, p. 182.*]

BY W. BLAKE.

How sweet I roamed from field to field,  
And tasted all the summer's pride ;  
Till I the Prince of Love beheld  
Who in the sunny beams did glide.

He showed me lilies for my hair,  
And blushing roses for my brow ;  
And led me through his garden fair,  
Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet May-dews my wings were wet,  
And Phœbus fired my vocal rage ;  
He caught me in his silken net,  
And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,  
Then laughing sports and plays with me,  
Then stretches out my golden wing,  
And mocks my loss of liberty.

[*Prizes were offered for the best translation into Latin Elegiacs of the above. Competitors to be under 19 years of age.*]

## LATIN ELEGIACS.

PRIZE TRANSLATION BY HERBERT MILLINGTON,  
BROMSGROVE.

Quam mihi libanti largos æstatis honores  
Dulce erat huc illuc libera rura sequi :  
Dulce erat ; at quondam delapsus ab æthere puro  
Adstitit ante oculos, auctor amoris, Amor.  
Lilia demonstrat nostris nectenda capillis,  
Puniceas, fronti sera decora, rosas ;  
It comes, et comitem lætos producit in hortos,  
Aurea qui domino munera mille ferunt.  
Luxuriant alæ verno mihi rore madentes,  
Vox quoque Apollineo rapta furore calet ;  
Sericus illaqueat me grata compede cassis,  
Inclusamque aureis mœnibus arca tenet.  
Jam cubat, et cupida voces bibit aure canentis,  
Jamque procax risus ille jocosque gerit.  
Deinde mihi auratæ resolutis nexibus alæ  
“Nunc,” ait inludens, “in tua jura redi.”

[*For other versions and notes see Appendix, p. 186.*]

From the Persian, translated by RÜCKERT.

Wohl endet Tod des Lebens Noth,  
Doch schauert Leben vor dem Tod.  
Das Leben sieht die dunkle Hand,  
Den hellen Kelch nicht, den sie bot.  
So schauert vor der Lieb' ein Herz,  
Alswie von Untergang bedroht.  
Denn wo die Lieb' erwachet, stirbt  
Das Ich, der dunkele Despot.  
Du lass ihn sterben in der Nacht,  
Und athme frei im Morgenroth.



PRIZE TRANSLATION BY MISS E. M. WINTLE.

Deth endeth Lyf's Necessitee,  
Yett shoudd'reth Lyf stil Deth to see ;  
Ye dark Hand, nott ye Chalice bryght  
Ye dark hand proffered, seeth shee.  
E'en so an Hart wil shrink from Loue,  
Lyk as in mortal Jeopardee ;  
For wher Loue waketh, dyeth ther  
Selfe, Tirant grim as e'er mote bee.  
Doe thou yn Darknesse lett him dye,  
And in ye ruddie Prym brethe free.

—*April 1884.*

[*For other versions and notes see Appendix, p. 188.*]



## EXTRACT FROM MOLIÈRE.

Non, je ne puis souffrir cette lâche méthode  
Qu'affectent la plupart de vos gens à la mode ;  
Et je ne hais rien tant que les contorsions  
De tous ces grands faiseurs de protestations,  
Ces affables donneurs d'embrassades frivoles,  
Ces obligéans diseurs d'inutiles paroles,  
Qui de civilités avec tous font combat,  
Et traitent du même air l'honnête homme et le fat.  
Quel avantage a-t-on qu'un homme vous caresse,  
Vous jure amitié, foi, zèle, estime, tendresse,  
Et vous fasse de vous un éloge éclatant,  
Lorsqu'au premier faquin il court en faire autant ?  
Non, non, il n'est point d'âme un peu bien située  
Qui veuille d'une estime ainsi prostituée,  
Et la plus glorieuse a des régals peu chers,  
Dès qu'on voit qu'on nous mêle avec tout l'univers :  
Sur quelque préférence une estime se fonde,  
Et c'est n'estimer rien qu'estimer tout le monde.  
Puisque vous y donnez, dans ces vices du temps,  
Morbleu ! vous n'êtes pas pour être de mes gens ;  
Je refuse d'un cœur la vaste complaisance  
Qui ne fait de mérite aucune différence ;  
Je veux qu'on me distingue, et, pour le trancher net,  
L'ami du genre humain n'est point du tout mon fait.

## PRIZE TRANSLATION (POETRY) BY HERBERT WILKINSON.

I have no patience with the grovelling plan  
Affected by your fashionable man.  
I hate to see the supple rogue grimace  
Protest aloud his friendship to your face,  
With outstretched arms and ready lip to each  
Proffer the loveless kiss, the empty speech,  
Vie in unmeaning compliment with all,  
And make the same low bow to great and small.  
Those lavish praises to your ear addressed,  
Those vows of love, truth, honour, and the rest ;  
Your back scarce turned, he'll haste, with kiss as sweet,  
To lay, fair offering, at some fopling's feet.  
What man of sense or worth would e'er desire  
Applause thus base, thus draggled in the mire ?  
Cheap honour at the table to be guest  
Where the whole world is bidden to the feast.  
'Tis nice discernment leads to true esteem,  
Praise given to all alike no praise I deem.  
Go then ! Not as my friend shall he be known  
Who makes each folly of the day his own,  
Whose undiscriminating soul can see  
In worth no charm, in merit no degree.  
I would be loved apart. That man I find  
No friend to me who 's friend of all mankind.

[*For notes see Appendix, p. 190.*]

## LYRIC BY HEYSE.

Dulde, gedulde dich fein !  
Ueber ein Stündlein  
Ist deine Kammer vol Sonne.

Ueber den First, wo die Glocken hangen,  
Ist schon lange der Schein gegangen,  
Gieng in Thürmers Fenster ein.  
Wer am nächsten dem Sturm der Glocken,  
Einsam wohnt er, oft erschrocken,  
Doch am frühsten tröstet ihn Sonnenschein.

Wer in tiefen Gassen gebaut,  
Hütt an Hüttlein lehnt sich traut,  
Glocken haben ihn nie erschüttert.  
Wetterstrahl ihn nie umzittert,  
Aber spät sein Morgen graut.

Höh und Tiefe hat Lust und Leid.  
Sag' ihm ab, dem thörigen Neid :  
Andrer Gram birgt andre Wonne.

Dulde, gedulde dich fein !  
Ueber ein Stündlein  
Ist deine Kammer vol Sonne.

## PRIZE TRANSLATION BY G. E. DARTNELL.

Strong be, though long be the gloom !  
Soon shall thy room  
Bright be with light without measure !

Over the roof, where the bells are pealing,  
Long ago has the sun, down-stealing,  
Thro' the belfry window peered.  
Startled oft though he be who dwells there,  
All alone with clangorous bells there,  
He is ever the first by the sunshine cheered !

Far below in the narrow street  
Like old cronies the houses meet ;  
Him who builds there wild bells scare not,  
Round his head the lightnings flare not ;  
Yet his morning dawns but late.

Each has sorrow and each delight  
Down with envious folly and spite !  
Oft may pain thus make a pleasure.

Strong be, though long be the gloom !  
Soon shall thy room  
Bright be with light without measure !

—June 1884.

[For notes see Appendix, p. 192.]

## EXTRACT FROM PASCAL'S "PENSÉES."

Quand on est instruit, on comprend que la nature, ayant gravé son ouvrage et celui de son auteur dans toutes choses, elles tiennent presque toutes de sa double infinité. C'est ainsi que nous voyons que toutes les sciences sont infinies en l'étendue de leurs recherches ; car qui doute que la géométrie, par exemple, a une infinité d'infinités de propositions à exposer ? Elle sera aussi infinie dans la multitude et la delicatesse de leurs principes ; car qui ne voit que ceux qu'on propose pour ces derniers ne se soutiennent pas d'eux-mêmes, et qu'ils sont appuyés sur d'autres qui, en ayant d'autres pour appui, ne souffrent jamais de derniers ?

On voit d'une première vue que l'arithmétique seule fournit des principes sans nombre, et chaque science de même.

Mais, si l'infinité en petitesse est bien moins visible, les philosophes ont bien plutôt pretendu y arriver ; et c'est là où tous ont choppé. C'est ce qui a donné lieu à ces titres si ordinaires, des *principes des choses*, des *principes de la philosophie*, et autres semblables aussi fastueux en effet, quoiqu'en apparence, que cet autre qui crève les yeux, *de omni scibili*.

Ne cherchons donc point d'assurance et de fermeté. Notre raison est toujours déçue par l'inconstance des apparences ; rien ne peut fixer le fini entre les deux infinis qui l'inferment et le fuient. Cela étant bien compris, je crois qu'on s'en tiendra au repos, chacun dans l'état où la nature l'a placé.

## PRIZE TRANSLATION BY MRS DEARMAN BIRCHALL.

The educated mind easily perceives that Nature having left on all creation the impress of her work and of that of her Author, almost all things partake of this twofold infinity. Thus we see that the range of inquiry in every science is infinite; for who doubts, for example, that geometry has an infinity of infinities of propositions to be solved? No less infinite is the number and subtlety of scientific principles; for who does not see that those which are proposed as ultimate principles are not really independent, but are supported by others, which, resting in their turn upon others again, admit of no end to the series?

The first glance shows us that arithmetic alone furnishes principles without number or limit, and every other science does the same.

And though the infinitely little eludes our grasp still more, yet philosophers have even more eagerly aspired thereto, and on this rock all have split. It is this pretension which has given rise to those frequent titles such as "First Principles of Things," "First Principles of Philosophy," and others, as ostentatious in reality, whatever they may be in appearance, as that sign-board inscription, *De omni scibili.*

Let us, then, not seek for positive certainty. Our reason is perpetually deceived by the variableness of phenomena; nothing can fix the position of the finite between the two infinities which close it in and yet recede from it. This once well understood, I imagine

Ce milieu qui nous est échu étant toujours distant des extrêmes, qu'importe qu'un rien ait un peu plus d'intelligence des choses? S'il en a, il les prend d'un peu plus haut; n'est-il pas toujours infinitéimement éloigné de l'éternité pour durer davantage?

Dans la vue de ces infinis, tous les finis sont égaux; et je ne vois pas pourquoi asseoir son imagination plutôt sur l'un que sur l'autre? La seule comparaison que nous faisons de nous au fini nous fait peine.



that men will rest satisfied to remain quietly, each in the position in which nature has placed him.

This middle place which has fallen to our lot being always distant from both extremes, what matters it that a mere nonentity has a little more or less understanding of things? If he has a little more, he looks on life from a rather higher point of view; is he not still infinitely removed from eternity, even though he may have a longer span of time?

In sight of these infinitudes, all finite things are equal, and I do not see why we should fix our imagination rather on one than on another. The mere comparing of ourselves to the finite is a pain.

—*July 1884.*

[*For notes see Appendix, p. 193.*]



## POEM BY THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

## ÉLÉGIE À CLÉMENCE.

Un monument sur ta cendre chérie  
Ne pèse pas,  
Pauvre Clémence, à ton matin flétrie  
Par le trépas.

Tu dors sans faste, au pied de la colline,  
Au dernier rang,  
Et sur ta fosse un saule pâle incline  
Son front pleurant.

Ton nom déjà par la pluie et la neige  
Est effacé,  
Sur le bois noir de la croix qui protège  
Ton lit glacé.

Mais l'amitié qui se souvient, fidèle,  
Avec des fleurs,  
Vient, à l'endroit seulement connu d'elle,  
Verser des pleurs.

## PRIZE TRANSLATION BY ARTHUR SIDGWICK.

Thy treasured dust no monumental tomb  
Encumbereth,  
Poor child, untimely fallen in thy bloom,  
Withered by death.

A simple mound beneath the grassy brow,  
A lowly bed :—  
Over thy sleep a willow pale doth bow  
Her weeping head.

Weathered by frost and showers, now no more  
Thy name I trace,  
Carved on the sable cross that watches o'er  
Thy resting-place.

Yet one true heart remembers ; and shall come,  
Through faithful years,  
The path none other knows, to deck thy tomb  
With flowers and tears.

—August 1884.

[*For notes see Appendix, p. 193.*]

### PASSAGE FROM FREYTAG'S "DOKTOR LUTHER."

Die Energie seines Stils, die Kraft seiner Beweisführung, Feuer und Leidenschaft seiner Ueberzeugung wirkten hinreissend. So hatte noch keiner zum Volke gesprochen. Jeder Stimmung, allen Tonarten fügte sich seine Sprache; bald knapp und gedrungen und scharf wie Stahl, bald in reichlicher Breite ein mächtiger Strom drangen die Worte in's Volk, bildlicher Ausdruck, schlagender Vergleich machten das Schwerste verständlich. Es war eine wundervolle, schöpferische Kraft. Mit souveräner Leichtigkeit gebrauchte er die Sprache; sobald er die Feder ergriff, arbeitete sein Geist mit höchster Freiheit, man sieht seinen Sätzen die heitere Wärme an, die ihn erfüllte, der volle Zauber eines herzlichen Schaffens ist über sie ausgegossen. Und solche Gewalt ist nicht am wenigsten sichtbar in den Angriffen, die er einzelnen Gegnern gönnt. Und eng verbunden ist sie mit einer Unart, die schon seinen bewundernden Zeitgenossen Bedenken verursachte. Er liebte es, mit seinen Gegnern zu spielen, seine Phantasie umkleidet ihm die Gestalt des Feindes mit einer grotesken Maske, und dies Phantasiebild neckt, höhnt und stösst er mit Redewendungen, die nicht gemässigt und nicht immer anständig klingen. Aber gerade in seinem Schimpfen wirkt die gute Laune in der Regel versöhnend, freilich nicht auf die Betroffenen. Fast nie ist eine kleine Gehässigkeit sichtbar, nicht selten die unverwüstliche Gutherzigkeit. Zuweilen geräth er freilich in einen wahren Künstlereifer, dann vergisst er die Würde des Reformators und zwickt wie ein deutsches Bauernkind, ja wie ein boshafter Kobold.

## PRIZE TRANSLATION BY C. H. HERFORD.

His energy of style, his power of demonstration, his burning and passionate conviction had an irresistible effect. No one had yet spoken to the people in this fashion. His language suited itself to every mood and every key of feeling ; his words, now brief, compressed, and trenchant as steel, now copious and flowing as a mighty river, went home to the people, and picturesque phrase and telling comparison made the hardest matter intelligible. His power had in it something miraculous, something creative. He wielded language with sovereign ease ; the pen once in hand, his mind worked with absolute unrestraint ; one feels in the very ring of his sentences the genial warmth that possessed him,—sentences suffused with all the magic charm of spontaneous production. Not least apparent is this power in his attacks upon individual opponents. And it is nearly allied to a rudeness of which even his admiring contemporaries hesitated to approve. He loved to make playthings of his adversaries ; his imagination presented him with his enemy's figure disguised by a grotesque mask, and this creature of fancy he flouted and bullied and browbeat, in language which to us sounds violent and sometimes indecent. Yet in the very storm of his invective his good humour usually exerts its soothing power—not, it is true, upon his victims. Petty spite he scarcely ever displays ; not rarely the imperturbable goodness of his heart. Occasionally, no doubt, a fit of the true artist-fury seizes him ; then all the dignity of the Reformer is forgotten, and he tweaks his victims like a German farm-boy—nay, like a mischievous Puck.

—September 1884.

[For notes see Appendix, p. 194.]

**EXTRACT FROM MIRABEAU.**

Je ne suivrai pas cet exemple. Je ne crois pas qu'il soit plus conforme aux convenances de la politique qu'aux principes de la morale, d'affiler le poignard dont on ne saurait blesser ses rivaux sans en ressentir bientôt sur son propre sein les atteintes. Je ne crois pas que des hommes qui doivent servir la cause publique en véritables frères d'armes, aient bonne grâce à se combattre en vils gladiateurs, à lutter d'imputations et d'intrigues, et non de lumières et de talent ; à chercher dans la ruine et la dépression les uns des autres de coupables succès, des trophées d'un jour, nuisibles à tout et même à la gloire. Mais je vous dirai : Parmi ceux qui soutiennent ma doctrine vous compterez tous les hommes modérés qui ne croient pas que la sagesse soit dans les extrêmes, ni que le courage de démolir [ne] doive jamais faire place à celui de reconstruire ; vous compterez la plupart de ces énergiques citoyens qui, au commencement des états généraux (c'est ainsi que s'appelait alors cette convention nationale, encore garottée dans les langes de la liberté), foulèrent aux pieds tant de préjugés, bravèrent tant de périls, déjouèrent tant de résistances pour passer au sein des communes, à qui ce dévouement donna les encouragements et la force qui ont vraiment opéré votre révolution glorieuse ; vous y verrez des tribuns du peuple que la nation comptera longtemps encore, malgré les glapissements de l'envieuse médiocrité, au nombre des libérateurs

## PRIZE TRANSLATION BY "RABAUT."

I shall not imitate the example.

It is, in my opinion, as contrary to the proprieties of political life as to the principles of morality, to sharpen a dagger for our rivals, whom, moreover, we cannot wound without speedily feeling in our own hearts the effects of the stroke.

It does not seem to me that men, who ought to serve the public cause like true brothers-in-arms, show to advantage when they fight like vile gladiators, and strive to outdo each other in the arts of slander and intrigue, not in the generous rivalry of ability and learning ; when they seek in the ruin and the basement of each other a guilty victory, which is but the triumph of a day, and fatal to everything, even their own renown.

But I will tell you this : Among the supporters of my opinions you may reckon all those moderate men who, avoiding the falsehood of extremes, can never be persuaded that the courage which demolishes should never make way for the courage which reconstructs ; you may reckon the greater number of those energetic citizens who, at the commencement of the States General (as we then called our national convention, when it was still enveloped in the swaddling bands of liberty), trampled under foot so many prejudices, braved so many dangers, overcame such persistent opposition, to throw in their lot with that of the Commons, giving them, by this sacrifice, the encouragement and the strength which

de la patrie ; vous y verrez des hommes dont le nom désarme le calomnie, et dont les libellistes le plus effrénés n'ont pas essayé de ternir la réputation ni d'hommes privés, ni d'hommes publics ; des hommes enfin qui, sans tache, sans intérêt et sans crainte, s'honoreront jusqu'au tombeau de leurs amis et de leurs ennemis.



really effected your glorious revolution. Among my supporters you will see tribunes of the people, whom the nation, in spite of the yelping of envious mediocrity, will long number among the liberators of their country ; you will see men whose name disarms calumny, and whose reputation, whether as private or public individuals, the most outrageous libeller has not dared to assail ; men, in short, who, spotless, fearless, and disinterested, will go down to their graves glorying both in their friends and in their foes.

—*November 1884.*

[*For notes see Appendix, p. 195.*]



## PASSAGE FROM PHILARÈTE CHASLES.

Ce que j'aime dans le livre de M. Macaulay, c'est qu'à travers toutes les fautes et les folies humaines, on y aperçoit clairement, et qu'il fait toucher, comme on dit, au doigt et à l'œil ce progrès invincible et admirable de l'humanité. On y voit les villes grandir, le commerce s'étendre, les pauvres devenir moins pauvres, et les ouvriers plus riches et plus moraux. On prête l'oreille à cette perpétuelle et féconde végétation, qui ne cessera pas, malgré l'égoïsme des uns et la cupidité des autres. On y voit, surtout, ce qui est la grande leçon du livre, comment les peuples politiques s'y prennent pour faire des révolutions qui profitent à tout le monde, et pour presser le mouvement du progrès sans briser la machine sociale. On y reconnaît en outre de quelle manière se terminent nécessairement les grandes crises politiques, non par un dénouement violent et complet qui satisfasse les uns et détruisse toutes les espérances des autres ; mais par de certains atermoiements, par des demi-satisfactions données aux partis, par des demi-victoires et des quarts de victoires ; par la mutilation de toutes les illusions tyranniques et la disparition de toutes les chimères exclusives ; enfin par un accroissement sourd et latent des forces de l'humanité, par une expansion invisible et continue de ses énergies, par l'accomplissement de cette loi divine qui fait acheter à notre race quelques bénéfices au prix de beaucoup de souffrances.

## PRIZE TRANSLATION BY HERBERT WILKINSON.

What I like in Macaulay's book is that, behind all the failings and follies of mankind, we can clearly trace, as it were by actual sight and touch, the irresistible and wonderful progress of the human race. We see towns increasing, commerce extending, the poor becoming less poor, the working classes richer and more moral. We listen as it were to that unceasing and productive growth which the selfishness of one class and the greed of another can never check. Above all, we see—and this is the great lesson of the book—how races possessing the political faculty set about making revolutions by which all are gainers, and hastening the march of progress without shattering the machine of society. We realise, moreover, how great political crises inevitably end, not by a violent and complete solution, which gives to one party all it asks, while it utterly destroys the hopes of the other, but by a system, so to speak, of payment by instalments, by compromises and concessions, by half victories and quarter victories, by breaking the tyranny of false theories and getting rid of narrow crotchetts; in short, by an imperceptible growth of the forces of humanity, by an unseen but incessant expansion of its energies, by the fulfilment of that divine law which makes our race purchase some gains at the price of many sufferings.

—December 1884.

[For notes see Appendix, p. 198.]



## MISCELLANEOUS PRIZES.

G



## TO MILTON.

## \* PRIZE SONNET BY MISS M. E. GOODHART.

When I consider—when I think of thee,  
Sitting in darkness, patient, calm, sublime ;  
Thy spirit keen the empyreal heights to climb,  
Thy “starlike” soul in heaven’s own precincts free,

Thy voice “majestic” ringing angel’s chime :  
Milton, I praise the God who did decree  
Thy blindness, causing thus thy life to be  
A beacon-light across the gulf of time.

To emulate thy sonnet? Nay—who might?  
Yet I, the weak blind singer of a psalm,  
Would stretch my hand to thee, and thro’ the night,

With quiet confidence and fearless calm,  
Echo the word which meets and conquers Fate :  
“They also serve who only stand and wait.”

[*For other Sonnets and notes see Appendix, p. 145.*]

\* An extra prize was offered for an *original* Sonnet after Coppée’s Sonnet (p. 6), addressed to an English poet.

## LITERARY PUZZLES.

1. What is the worst rime in Tennyson?
2. "A more fashionable neighbourhood, it is said, eighty years ago than now—never, certainly, a cheerful one—wherein a boy, being born on St George's Day 1775, began soon after to take interest in the world of Covent Garden, and put to service such spectacles of life as it afforded." In what year was this written, and who was the boy?
3. "Who has Science and Art has Religion." Complete the epigram, and name the author.
4. Who wished that Shakespeare had blotted more, and what line did he quote in support?
5. Identify the quotations:—
  - (a.) "She had three lilies in her hand,  
And the stars in her hair were seven."
  - (b.) "The moving waters at their priestly task  
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores."
  - (c.) "Stung by the splendour of a sudden thought."
  - (d.) "The one remains, the many change and pass."
  - (e.) "How I loved,  
Witness ye days and nights, and all ye hours,  
That danced away with down upon your feet."

## PRIZE ANSWERS BY MISS JANE BARLOW.

1. "Or in a clear-wall'd city on the sea,  
Near gilded organ-pipes, her *hair*  
Wound with white roses, slept Saint Cecily ;  
An angel looked at *her*."

The rime "her—hair" (the Maori critic of the future will be irresistibly tempted to variously read "fur") is perhaps Tennyson's worst, not only by reason of its intrinsic badness, but because it spoils an otherwise beautiful stanza.

2. This passage, which occurs in Ruskin's "Modern Painters," was written in 1860. The boy was Joseph Turner.

3. "Wer Wissenschaft und Kunst besitzt,  
Hat auch Religion ;  
Wer jene beiden nicht besitzt,  
Der habe Religion."—J. W. GOETHE.

4. Ben Jonson, in his "Timber" or "Discoveries." The line, "Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause," is not now to be found in Shakespeare's works, but it is probable that the passage, "Know Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause will he be satisfied" (Julius Cæsar, III, 1), originally stood as Jonson quotes.

5. (a.) D. G. Rosetti's "The Blessed Damosel." (b.) J. Keats' last sonnet, "Bright star ! would I were steadfast as thou art." (c.) Shelley's "Adonais."

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6. What application did Macaulay make of Lady Macbeth's "Had he not resembled my father"?
7. "It would become your royal mouth better to say 'Oblige.'" Who made the observation, and what is the point of it?
8. Define a University.
9. In what book is the character of Sir Jabez Windbag?
10. Of whom was it said, "He can toil hugely," and of whom, "quicquid volet valde volet"?



6. "July 8, 1858. Motley called. I like him much. We agree wonderfully well about slavery, and it is not often that I meet any person with whom I agree on that subject. For I hate slavery from the bottom of my soul ; and yet I am made sick by the cant and the silly mock reasons of the Abolitionists. The nigger-driver and the negrophile are two odious things to me. I must make Lady Macbeth's reservation, 'Had he not resembled—'" (Macaulay's *Journal*). His father, Zachary Macaulay, had been a zealous Abolitionist.

7. John Kemble made this observation to the Prince of Wales, who had given the word "oblige" its old-fashioned pronunciation "obliege." The story is told in Coleridge's "Table Talk."

8. A University is an intellectual House of Lords, its especial function now being to act as a brake on the wheels of progress, and to link innovation with tradition.

9. T. Carlyle's "Past and Present."

10. (b.) "Macaulay used to apply to his future brother-in-law (Mr Trevelyan) the remark which Julius Cæsar made with regard to his young friend Brutus—'Magni refert hic quid velit ; sed quidquid volet, valde volet'" (Macaulay's *Life and Letters*, chap. vi.). The passage referred to occurs in one of Cicero's letters to Atticus (Liber xiv., Ep. 1), but the text gives, "quidquid *vult*, valde *vult*." Plutarch also uses the present tense : "οὐτος δι νεανίας οὐκ οἶδα μὲν δι βούλεται, πᾶν δ' δι βούλεται σφόδρα βούλεται" (Brutus, vi.).

—December 1882.

**LITERARY PUZZLES.**

1. "Two noble lords, whom if I quote,  
Some men might call me sinner ;  
The one invented half a coat,  
The other half a dinner."
2. "Every school-boy knows who imprisoned Montezuma and who strangled Atahualpa." Explain, and give the reference.
3. Quote, and make, a rime to "window."
4. "Savoir par cœur n'est pas savoir." Name author of maxim, and explain.
5. "Not one link of the chain that England has wound around us shall be left to clank upon our limbs." Criticise, or quote Dr Johnson's criticism.
6. Quote three epitaphs of famous men on themselves.
7. Whose ear is famous in English history?
8. Identify the quotations :
  - (a.) "For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,  
Seem here no painful inch to gain,  
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,  
Comes silent, flooding in, the main."

## PRIZE ANSWERS TO LITERARY PUZZLES BY H. S. JONES.

1. Lord Spencer and Lord Sandwich.
2. Cortes and Pizarro. From Macaulay's "Essay on Clive."

3. "While I, like the Mogul in Indo,  
Am never seen but in my window."—H. FIELDING.

"We studied hard in our styles,  
Chipped each at a crust, like Hindoos ;  
For air, looked out on the tiles ;  
For fun, watched each other's windows."

—R. BROWNING.

"All in doors and windows  
Were open to me ;  
I saw all that sin does  
• Which lamps hardly see."—SHELLEY.

Also Kingsley and Butler's "Hudibras."

4. Montaigne. Parrots, and boys who write out Euclid without a diagram, do not know. "Le critérium de toute véritable science est la prévision."

5. "Nay, sir, don't you perceive that one link can't clank?"

6. "Nobles and heralds, by your leave,  
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,  
The son of Adam and of Eve :—  
Can Stuart or Nassau claim higher?"

(b.) "Casting the body's vest aside,  
My soul into the boughs does glide :  
There like a bird it sits and sings,  
Then whets and claps its silver wings."

(c.) "In the hour of my distress,  
When temptations me oppress,  
And when I my sins confess,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me."

9. Give two instances of the "lonely" words to which Tennyson refers in his last poem.

10. Who was the "noticeable man with large grey eyes"?



“Here lies one whose name was writ in water.”—KEATS.

“This is the philosopher’s stone.”—HOBBES.

“Philip Massenger, a stranger.”

Also the well-known auto-epitaphs of Swift, Franklin, Piron.

7. Jenkins’ ear.

8. (a.) Clough’s “Say not the struggle nought availeth;”  
(b.) Marvell’s “Thoughts in a Garden;” (c.) Herrick’s  
“Litany to the Holy Ghost.”

9. “Dumosa *pendere* procul de rupe videbo” (*Ed.* i. 77).

“Quisque suos patimur *manes*” (*AEn.* vi. 743).

10. Coleridge. From Wordsworth’s “Stanzas written in my pocket copy of Thomson’s ‘Castle of Indolence.’”

—*January 1883.*



\* ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS AND THEIR  
GREATEST WORK.

PRIZE LIST BY GEORGE NUTT.

Browning, . . .	" Dramatic Lyrics."
Tennyson, . . .	" In Memoriam."
Swinburne, . . .	" Atalanta in Calydon."
Newman, . . .	" Apologia pro Vitâ suâ."
Ruskin, . . .	" Modern Painters."
M. Arnold, . . .	" Empedocles on Etna."
W. Morris, . . .	" Life and Death of Jason."
J. Morley, . . .	" Voltaire."
Lecky, . . .	" History of Rationalism in Europe."
E. A. Freeman, . . .	" History of Norman Conquest."

[*For an extended list of names mentioned by Competitors  
see Appendix, p. 180.*]

\* The prize was offered for the best list of the ten greatest living English men of letters, with the greatest work of each.

## DEFINITIONS OF WIT.

NOTE.—*The Prize was offered for the best definition of "Wit," illustrated by not fewer than three nor more than six witticisms.*

## PRIZE DEFINITIONS BY MRS J. E. BOOTH.

*Wit*.—An unusual and incongruous association of ideas, tersely and strikingly expressed.

*Specimens*.—(1.) A young friend of mine, three years of age, with an especial enmity towards the Devil, said, "Why don't God burn him up in his own fire, and let's have another better devil?" (unconscious wit).

(2.) Charles Lamb's remark on buying some very decayed cheese. *Shopman*: "Where shall I send it, sir?" "Well, if you co-co-could lend me some string, I might l-l-lead it home!"

(3.) Someone's remark that, when the lion did lie down with the lamb, it would be with the lamb *inside* him.

(4.) Another *very* small friend (eating a good dinner), reflectively: "I s'pose the betterer the meat, the troublemser 'tis to kill the cow."

—February 1884.

[For other definitions and examples see Appendix, p. 184.]

## LITERARY PUZZLES.

*A Prize was offered to the competitor who gained the highest number of marks for answers to the following:*

1. Give an exact parallel to each of the following passages :

- (a.) Oh the little more and how much it is,  
And the little less and what worlds away !  
—BROWNING.
- (b.) The childhood shows the man,  
As morning shows the day.—MILTON.
- (c.) From ignorance our comfort flows,  
The only wretched are the wise.—PRIOR.
- (d.) It's no fish ye're buying, it's men's lives.—SCOTT.
- (e.) Even bear-baiting was esteemed heathenish and  
unchristian, the sport of it, not the inhumanity,  
being the offence.—HUME.
- (f.) Walls grown thin permit the mind  
To look out through and his frailty find.—DANIEL.

2. Name the speakers and the persons referred to in the following :

- (a.) I came as one whose thoughts half linger,  
Half run before,  
The youngest to the oldest singer,  
Whom England bore.
- (b.) The laurel greener from the brows  
Of him that uttered nothing base.
- (c.) I have lost the best friend I ever had, and the best  
man I ever knew.

## PRIZE ANSWERS TO LITERARY PUZZLES.

1. (a.) Oh the little more and how much it is,  
And the little less and what worlds away !

Whereof a little

More than a little is by much too much.—*Hen. IV.*, i. 3, 2.

One shade the more, one ray the less,  
Had half impaired the nameless grace, etc.

—BYRON, “Hebrew Melodies.”

Alas ! how easily things go wrong ;  
A sigh too much or a kiss too long,  
And there follows a mist and a weeping rain,  
And life is never the same again.

—G. MACDONALD, “Phantastes.”

(b.) The childhood shows the man,  
As morning shows the day.

The child is father of the man.—WORDSWORTH.

Men are but children of a larger growth.—DRYDEN.

(c.) From ignorance our comfort flows ;  
The only wretched are the wise.

Where ignorance is bliss,  
'Tis folly to be wise.—GRAY.

Be ignorance thy choice where folly leads to woe.

—BEATTIE, “Minstrel.”

(d.) It's no fish ye're buying, it's men's lives.

It is not linen you're wearing out,  
But human creatures' lives.—HOOD.

Also Lady Nairne's “Caller Herrin'.”

(e.) Even bear-baiting was esteemed heathenish and unchristian, the sport of it, not the inhumanity, being the offence.

The Puritans hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectator.—MACAULAY'S “History of England,” i., chap. 2.

(f.) Walls grown thin permit the mind  
To look out through and his frailty find.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,  
Let's in new light through chinks that time hath made.

—E. WALLER.

(d.) My noble friend is something like my old peacock,  
who chooses to bivouac apart from his lady, and  
keeps me awake with his screeching lamentations.

(e.) I will die in the last ditch.

(f.) The storm has gone over me, and I lie like one of  
those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered around me.

3. Identify the following passages, and add a short note on any difficulties or allusions :

(a.) E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

(b.) Ere days that deal in ana swarmed  
His literary leeches.

(c.) If I had ventured on such an assertion as this [that  
Cowper is no poet], it would have been worse  
for me than finding out a borrowed line in the  
"Pleasures of Hope."

(d.) Another race hath been and other palms are won.

(e.) The central fire at the sphere's heart bound,  
Like doomsday prisoned underground.

(f.) His breed, his ale, was alway after oon.

(g.) I am escaped with the skin of my teeth.

(h.) Care killed a cat.

(i.) Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but  
doubtless God never did.

(k.) Ungrateful Florence ! Dante sleeps afar,  
Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore.

(l.) Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over  
Locksley Hall.

The Prize was awarded to Miss F. DE G. MERRIFIELD.

2. (a.) Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads." To Landor.  
 (b.) Tennyson's "Dedication to the Queen," of Wordsworth.  
 (c.) William III. of Tillotson. Macaulay's "England," iv., p. 525.  
 (d.) Sir W. Scott of Byron, after publication of "Childe Harold," in "Letter to Mr Morritt."  
 (e.) William of Orange, of loss of United Provinces, 1672.  
 (f.) Burke in "Letter to a Noble Lord."

3. (a.) Gray's "Elegy." "Even the dead yearn, as they did in life, for tokens of affection."

"Quamvis in cinerem corpus mutaverit ignis  
 Sentiet officium maesta favilla pium."—*Ov. Trist.*, iii. 3, 83.

(b.) Tennyson's "Will Waterproof's Monologue." Before Mrs Ritchie wrote for *Harper's Magazine*. "Swarmed," produced in swarms.

(c.) Hazlitt's "Table Talk." "Like angel-visits, few and far between." Borrowed from Blair's "Grave." "In visits like those of angels, short and far between." Byron, in his letter to Murray, on Bowles' strictures on Pope, said that Cowper was no poet.

(d.) Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality." The context makes the line one of the hardest to interpret in all Wordsworth. The sunset suggests a triumphal procession; the clouds on which it marches are the sobering realities of life; and over these, though they hide the radiance of youth, the philosophic mind of age triumphs.

(e.) Rossetti's "Rose Mary." The central fire of the earth is doomsday—the earth is at the last day to be tried by fire.

(f.) Chaucer's Prologue to "Canterbury Tales." "After oon," of one sort, equally plentiful.

(g.) Job xix. 20.

(h.) *Much Ado*, v. i. Also G. Wither.

(i.) Izaac Walton's "Complete Angler." Dr Boteler quoted of the strawberry.

(k.) "Childe Harold," iv., st. 57. See any notes.

(l.) Tennyson's "Locksley Hall." The curlews in the preceding lines are the "gleams." The quick flight and grey underwing of the bird are pictured by the single word.

## GERMAN PROVERBS.

*A Prize was offered for the best equivalents (not necessarily translations) of the following:*

1. Jeder nur zu oft vergisst,  
Dass er allein nicht jeder ist.
2. Lust und Liebe zum Ding  
Macht alle Arbeit gering.
3. Stiller Mund und treue Hand  
Gelten viel in jedem Land.
4. Die Zunge wird oft vom Jahne gebissen,  
Die doch immer bei einander sein müssen.
5. Aufgeschoben ist nicht aufgehoben.
6. Der Geiz sammelt sich arm, die Milde gibt sich reich.
7. Gottes Mühle geht langsam, aber sie mahlt fein.
8. Jeder ist ~~sich~~ selbst der nächste.
9. Die Welt wird <sup>alt</sup> und wird wieder jung,  
Doch der Mensch hofft immer Verbesserung.
10. Tadeln kann ein jeder Bauer ;  
Besser machen wird ihm sauer.

EQUIVALENTS OF GERMAN PROVERBS BY  
MISS M. G. BAIN.

1. "Self-love is a mote in everyone's eye."—"A' the wit in the world is no in ae pow."—"Of all flatterers, self-love is the greatest."—"Every miller wad weise (turn) the water to his ain mill."
2. "The labour we delight in physics pain."—"It's eith (easy) workin' when the will's at hame."—"A willing mind makes a light foot."
3. "A quiet tongue and a steady hand count for much in every land."—"Silence and thought hurt nae man."
4. "Where the buck's bound there he may bleat."
5. "Delaying is not breaking off."—"What's putten by is no dune wi'."
6. "Spend and God will send, spare and be bare."—"There is that scattereth and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet and it tendeth to penury."
7. "The mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small."
8. "Self do, self have."—"The tod (fox) ne'er sped better than when he did his ain errands."—"Ser (serve) yoursel, and your friends will think the mair o' you."—"Keep your ain cart grease to your ain cart wheels."—"Charity begins at home."
9. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast ;  
Man never is but always to be blest."—*Pope*.
10. "It's easier to preach than to practise."—"Everyone can pick faults, but everyone canna mend them."

—October 1884.

[For other equivalents see Appendix, p. 194.]

## NOVELS FOR A LADY'S COLLEGE.

*An Extra Prize for "the best list of twenty recent English Novels suited for the Library of a Ladies' College (Classics such as Dickens and Thackeray being excluded)," was awarded to Mrs Harold Smith for the following list:*

1. John Inglesant—Shorthouse.
2. Within the Precincts—Mrs Oliphant.
3. Atelier du Lys—Author of *Mlle. Mori*.
4. A Daughter of Heth—Black.
5. David Elginbrod—G. Macdonald.
6. Castle Daly—A. Keary.
7. George Geith—Mrs Riddell.
8. The Cloister and the Hearth—C. Reade.
9. The First Violin—Jessie Fothergill.
10. Far from the Madding Crowd—Hardy.
11. Lorna Doone—Blackmore.
12. A Blue Stocking—Mrs Edwardes.
13. Dorothy Forster—Besant.
14. Donna Quixote—J. MacCarthy.
15. For Percival—Margaret Veley.
16. Village on the Cliff—Miss Thackeray.
17. Mrs Lorimer—Lucas Malet.
18. Tara—Meadows Taylor.
19. Mlle. de Mersac—W. E. Norris.
20. Fernyhurst Court—Lady Verney.

[For extended list of novels mentioned by Competitors see Appendix, p. 197.]

## LIST OF FRENCH NOVELS.

*An Extra Prize for “the best list of twelve French Novels, published since 1870, and fit to lie on any drawing-room table,” was awarded to Comtesse Gilbert de Sozonga for the following:*

1. L'Abbé Constantin—Ludovic Halévy.
2. Le Vœu de Nadia—Henry Gréville.
3. Sans Famille—Hector Malot.
4. La fin du vieux temps—Paul Bourde.
5. Fleurange—Mme. Augustus Craven.
6. Le Bleuet—Gustave Haller.
7. Le Roman d'un brave homme—Edmond About.
8. Pauvre Garçon—Hollard.
9. Michel Strogoff—Jules Verne.
10. Tristesses et Sourires—Gustave Droz.
11. Le roman d'une mère—P. Cilière.
12. Madame Heurteloup—A. Theuriet.

[For notes, etc., see Appendix, p. 198.]



**ORIGINAL POETRY, ETC.**



## THE POET AND THE BEE.

*Poet.*

The roses by my cottage door,  
Dear Bee, you visit now no more,  
I miss the old familiar hum,  
The buzz of wings that said you'd come.

*Bee.*

I came and robbed the honey store,  
'Tis why I visit you no more ;  
The fragrant petals soon will fade,  
The honey in my comb is laid :  
But, if I robbed, it was to keep  
Your treasure safe ; ah, do not weep,  
When summer's o'er that roses die,  
But watch where homewards now I fly.

*Poet.*

Can sweetness stay when life is fled ?

*Bee.*

Like verses when the poet's dead.

—BEATRIX L. TOLLEMACHE.

**SPIRIT OF LIBERTY.****I.**

Where dwellest thou, O Spirit of Liberty ?  
Thy feet are on the sea, they feel the salt wave's kiss,  
There's music in thine ear when the breakers boil and  
hiss ;  
Thy hair is dashed with foam, thou shakest the drops away,  
And thy sunny laugh breaks out from the mist of driven  
spray,  
Where thou dost float and ride, O Spirit of Liberty.

**II.**

O'er lightning-riven crags on the mountains thou dost  
bound,  
And flingest thine arms aloft where the blue vault clips  
thee round ;  
All heaven is in thine eyes, yet its depths may not divine  
All the fulness, all the reach of free impulse that is thine,  
In thy home amid the hills, thou Spirit of Liberty.

**III.**

Thy breath is on the downs, that rise and fall and rise,  
Earth's softest bosom-swell low-limned against the skies,  
Like dim memories of the sway of ocean's billowy sweep,  
That long ago rolled o'er, where they slept beneath the  
deep ;  
For thine was the force that shaped them, Spirit of Liberty.

## IV.

The moorland wakes to life, invigorate with health,  
Each poorest thing made rich with the largesse of thy  
wealth ;  
Thereout the lark drinks rapture, and the plover's plain-  
tive brood,  
Made vocal with the sense of joy in solitude ;  
Such draughts of delight are thine, O Spirit of Liberty.

## V.

Thy peace soars in the clouds that fret the azure day,  
Long lines of broken shadow feathered with pearl-white  
spray ;  
Thine are the changing lights, thine the trembling touch  
that fills  
With mystery of gloom all the hollows of the hills ;  
Happy and calm are thy skies, O Spirit of Liberty.

## VI.

Thy voice is in the storm, and the thunder's clash and boom,  
When the soul is face to face with the powers that shape  
its doom ;  
It thrills like the voice of a God, when he waketh out of  
sleep,  
And rolleth his battle-cry from deep to startled deep ;  
So wildly joyous thy might, thou Spirit of Liberty.

## VII.

When morning flashes down upon wastes of silver snow,  
Loosening the avalanche and quickening the ice-stream's  
flow ;

---

Or when evening blushes peace over fields of ripened grain,  
Like the hush of benediction beneath a wide-domed fane,  
The day is wholly thine, O Spirit of Liberty.

## VIII.

When silence draws the soul down the depths of infinite  
blue,  
In a moonless, cloudless sky, and the stars are near to view,  
And couchèd hills are set, like sphinxes, holding their  
reign,  
Guarding with sleepless eyes the slumber of valley and  
plain,  
Night too is wholly thine, thou Spirit of Liberty.

—L. E. U.



## AFTER COPPÉE.

## MORCEAU À QUATRE MAINS.

The windows open on the park,  
When the tall trees, from glade to glade,  
With arching foliage greenly dark,  
Bathe all the summer lawns in shade.

I turn about to rest anew  
My head in yonder easy chair,  
When, look ! the landscape still I view,  
Reflected in the mirror there.

Idly I smile, as o'er and o'er  
Two parks to right and left of me,  
Now through the glass, now through the door,  
Repeat each other, tree for tree.

And by a happy sport of chance,  
The two twin sisters, matched in art,  
And matched in dainty elegance,  
Discourse sweet music from Mozart.

Just as the landscape double seems,  
The other's copy each appears,  
And the same golden jewel gleams,  
Repeated in the four small ears.

Their eyes upon the keys are bent.  
So I may scan, as I repose,  
The roses with their light hair blent,  
On either mouth the self-same rose.

And sometimes, rising from my place,  
I steal to the piano near,  
And lean upon the ebon case;  
To see them rather than to hear.

—L.



## IN MEMORIAM—ROBERT GRIMSTON.

Still the balls ring upon the sun-lit grass,  
Still the big elms, deep shadowed, watch the play ;  
And ordered game and loyal conflict pass  
The hours of May.

But the game's guardian, mute, nor heeding more  
What suns may gladden, and what airs may blow,  
Friend, teacher, playmate, helper, counsellor,  
Lies resting now.

“Over”—they move, as bids their fieldsman's art ;  
With shifted scene the strife begins anew ;  
“Over”—we seem to hear him, but his part  
Is over, too.

Dull the best speed, and vain the surest grace—  
So seemed it ever—till there moved along  
Brimmed hat, and cheering presence, and tried face  
Amid the throng.

He swayed his realm of grass, and planned, and wrought ;  
Warned rash intruders from the tended sward ;  
A workman, deeming, for the friends he taught,  
No service heard.

He found, behind first failure, more success ;  
Cheered stout endeavour more than languid skill ;  
And ruled the heart of boyhood with the stress  
Of helpful will.

Or, standing at our hard-fought game, would look,  
 Silent and patient, drowned in hope and fear,  
 Till the lips quivered, and the strong voice shook  
 With low glad cheer.

Well played. His life was honester than ours ;  
 We scheme—he worked, we hesitate—he spoke ;  
 His rough-hewn stem held no concealing flowers,  
 But grain of oak.

No earthly umpire speaks, his grave above ;  
 And thanks are dumb, and praise is all too late ;  
 That worth and truth, that manhood and that love  
 Are hid, and wait.

Sleep gently, where thou sleepest, dear old friend ;  
 Think, if thou thinkest, on the bright days past ;  
 Yet loftier love, and worthier Truth attend  
 What more thou hast !

1884.

—E. E. B.



## IN MEMORIAM—W. I. H.

Is he gone from us—gone past returning,  
    Where Echo is deaf to our call,  
Tired out with his playing and learning,  
    That lately was stronger than all?  
We loved him. Ah, yes, when he led us,  
    We rallied as one to his cheer,  
The hero we looked for to head us,  
    Our chief without peer.

So simple, no child could misdoubt him,  
    Light-hearted himself as a child;  
How dim were our triumphs without him,  
    How cloudless defeat when he smiled!  
He is gone, and we know not the wherefore,  
    But surely our faith shall be this,  
That he cares for the things that we care for,  
    Albeit in bliss.

Perchance in the timeless hereafter,  
    Forgetful of parting and pain,  
We shall hear the sweet ring of his laughter,  
    And talk with our comrade again.  
There will still be the look that endeared him,  
    The voice that gave life to the game,  
And his love for the Sherborne that reared him  
    Will still be the same.

Ah, playmates, the hand that bereft us,  
While yet there are goals to be won,  
His gallant example hath left us  
To nerve and to beckon us on :  
Our trust in the right shall be surer  
For deeds that together we dared,  
And truer and nobler and purer  
The life that he shared.

—E. M. Y.



## THOMAS CARLYLE.

## Two SONNETS.

## I.

What went ye out to see? A shaken reed,  
Stirred into music by the lyric wind?  
Or would ye bow before a regal mind,  
Clothed in soft raiment of fair word and deed,  
Sweetness and light strong in the ancient creed  
Of faith and hope and love, to bless mankind  
With his consummate harmonies, and bind  
The world to follow whither he might lead?  
Why seek the waste and howling desert then?  
Do kings and priests dwell in a wilderness  
Of isolation? The Unseen has sent  
A voice to trouble the dead lives of men.  
This prophet came to curse and not to bless,  
In echoing thunders moaning forth, "Repent!"

## II.

On many a man descends the fire divine;  
But foolish souls too oft its purpose foil  
With false and idle tasks, that dim and soil  
The lamp through which their light was meant to shine;  
Or, having squandered, mad with life's new wine,

The precious gift, and, scorning care or toil,  
Burnt up too early all the sacred oil ;  
Their flame goes out : but the pure blaze in thine  
Was tended reverently, lest it should waste  
In careless splendours such as fools admire ;  
For all thy work was done with all thy might,  
Lessening the darkness, without rest or haste.  
Thy spark was kindled in that central fire,  
To which thine eyes were dim, the Light of Light.

—ANNIE MATHESON.



## THE COMBAT.

So as they stared, before the eyes of all  
Stood suddenly a champion ; taller he  
By head and shoulders than the foe, and walked  
With easier majesty into the midst ;  
There stooping, lightly lifted the thrown gage,  
Crying, Thou art false, and I will prove thee false !  
And all admired, and wondered at the man,  
So godlike, nor knew any whence he came,  
Nor any dared to whisper the one name  
That leapt to lip-ward in the hearts of all.  
Then they two sprang to onset : and the flash  
Of armour, and the fire as sword struck sword,  
And the quick-shifting gleam of mail-clad limbs,  
Lithe-swerving from the blow, so dazed the eyes  
That none could count the thickly raining blows ;  
For as two stout-armed smiths, who thickly rain  
Blows on one glowing mass, each following each,  
When ceaseless leap the sparkles, and the din  
Sounds ceaseless ; so these two struck blow on blow  
Unceasing, and the sparks flew, and the clash  
Frighted the very air.

—F. W. B.

**“LAW IS THEIR MASTER.”**

Ἐπεστὶ σφι δεσπότης νόμος.

—HERODOTUS.

Up to the sky, down to the earth,  
 The sails of the windmill go round,  
 Dark days of sorrow, bright days of mirth,—  
 While the wind blows corn will be ground.

Up to the sky, higher and higher,  
 Blown by each gust, hither and thither,  
 Poor paper kite, fain wouldest aspire?  
 Aimless as leaves fly when they wither.

Steadily onward wheels travel round.  
 Hasteless, restless, bearing their load ;  
 See the boy's hoop start with a bound,  
 Slacken, fall, lie spent in the road.

Brightly the comet flames in the sky,—  
 Sailor, this is no guiding star ;  
 Look to the Pole, thy compass eye :  
 So shalt thou reach the land that is far.

—BEATRIX L. TOLLEMACHE.

## THE THREE VOICES.

A grand old voice said unto me,  
Sailing the summer Baltic sea,  
“ Were it not well a peer to be ?

“ A word, a wink, the thing is done—  
No need to *bray* (excuse the pun)  
Like our friend Knatchbull-Hugessen.

“ Of poet-peers we've had enow,  
The bays are dead on Byron's brow,  
And Lorne's our lordly psalmist now.

“ O living laureate, do not fear  
The bard's invidious bar to clear !  
O peerless poet, be a peer !”

Then wreathed in smoke an answer came,  
“ 'Twere mean, methinks, to change my name.  
I thank you kindly all the same.

“ John Keats to lordship might aspire,  
A title Burns or Swinburne fire.  
A Tennyson cannot go higher.

“ If one should bring me this report,  
That I, on landing at the port,  
Were Baron Tennyson d'Eyncourt,

“ And stepping out on Wapping pier  
I heard instead of ‘ Alfred dear !’  
Your lordship—I should think it queer.

“A coronet is dear withal :  
 For my last works there's but a small  
 Demand, I'm told by Kegan Paul.”

Thereto replied my second self,  
 “Thou'rt not yet laid upon the shelf ;  
 Or if thou art, a title's pelf.

“On silver seas the *Sunbeam* floats,  
 And good as gold are *Highland Notes*.  
 This so-called Nineteenth Century dotes

“Upon a lord ; in fact, I hear  
 Lord Lytton's title brought him clear  
 A thousand pounds, and more, a year.”

“This is more vile,” I made reply,  
 To write like Bulwer “*Money*,” I  
 Who smote *New Timon* hip and thigh.

I said, “I fear the Trojans' laugh,  
 Helen of Troy's Hellenic chaff,  
 Heroics in the *Telegraph*.

“And *Punch*, unkindest cut of all,  
 My exquisitest odes will maul,  
 And dub me Lord of Locksley Hall ;

“His sackbut's sold, he drinks Tokay,  
 He smokes regalias, men will say,  
 Doing dishonour to my clay.”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cf. “I said, When I am gone away,  
 ‘He dared not tarry,’ men will say,  
 Doing dishonour to my clay.”

The grand voice into laughter broke,  
“ I’m not a peer, I do not smoke,  
Yet *Punch* on *me* makes many a joke.

“ Vexed spirit ! scorn like me such stuff.  
In the other place thou may’st not puff  
Thy pipe—Sir Joshua took snuff.”

\*       \*       \*       \*

Doubting, mis-doubting of my doubt,  
I pondered long, my pipe was out.  
I heard or dreamt I heard a shout—

A shout that shrill and shriller grew,  
“ Snobs ! idiots ! Zoilus ! Yahoo !  
(It was the *Saturday Review.*)<sup>1</sup>

“ Perchance a little lower now  
Than Angelo and Shakespeare, thou  
May’st top them, coronet on brow.

“ For Pericles has had his day,  
And Cæsar now is common clay.  
The House of Lords cannot decay.

“ Lord Alfred, Viscount Vere de Vere,”  
Such siren sounds I seemed to hear.  
I woke, and found myself a peer.

<sup>1</sup> “ As a matter of fact, no man living, or who ever lived—not Cæsar or Pericles, not Shakespeare or Michael Angelo—could confer honour more than he took on entering the House of Lords.”—*Saturday Review*, December 15, 1883.

## A NINETEENTH CENTURY CENTO.

Is it an echo of something read?—MAUD.  
A hollow echo of my own.—IN MEMORIAM.

Row us out from Alum Bay, and let us have a jolly blow!  
So they rowed us round the Needles, and we sang, “Row  
brothers, row!”<sup>1</sup>  
But our song grew sicklier singing in the Bay of Biscay  
O!<sup>2</sup>  
Row us, brothers, row us landwards, to your Aquaviva,<sup>3</sup>  
ho!  
So they rowed us, and we landed opposite Sea Prospect  
Row.  
There about the beach we wandered, though we found  
it rather slow—  
(Ten machines, a nurse, three children, and an Ethiop  
banjo).  
Yet 'twas suave to escape the tossing, *suave mari 'tis  
magno*,  
And we caught a far-off echo, Farringfordian,<sup>4</sup> weak and  
low.  
Not the lilting ballad measure, *Lari maxime* that we  
know,  
Tennyson's our daintiest poet, Tennyson of long ago,

<sup>1</sup> *Cantilena quaedam remigum Canadiensium.* <sup>2</sup> *Non navigabant in sinu  
Biscaensi, sed canticum quoddam Dibdeni iterabant.* <sup>3</sup> *Aquaviva*, Anglice  
*Freshwater.* <sup>4</sup> *Farringford, villa prope Aquavivam, ubi habitat poetæ noster.*

But an echo of an echo, *nono decimo seculo*—  
 That's the Nineteenth Century. (See the Editorial note  
 below,  
 Which explains how Vectian<sup>1</sup> laughter sells in Pater-  
 noster Row.)

“Eia agite, o socii, validis incumbite remis.”  
 Haud secus ac jussi faciunt, fallente labore  
 Carmine, dum fragilem cymbam jactantibus Austris  
 Corda novo tandem trepidant agitata tumultu.  
 Omnibus idem amor est, tuto succedere portu.  
 “Jam satis est, ohe,” sic Flaccus Horatius, “ohe!”  
 Nec mora, dant retro cursus, et nemine contra-  
 dicente optata laeti potiuntur arena.  
 Surgere tum prisci visa est pia nænia vatis,  
 “Patiens conscripti cymba petiere Philippus.”  
 Mox quoque cornicinis lugent memorabile fatum  
 Et nono decimo repetita pericula saeclo.

—W. B.

<sup>1</sup> *Vectian*, epitheton difficilius. Quid (malum) commune est insulae Vecti Anglice *Isle of Wight*, cum Sociorum tabernis (Anglice *Paternoster Row*)? Conjecit Paulus Diaconus, quem cum apostolo vel historico vide ne confuderis, “Vectian Alfred,” praestat vero difficilior lectio.—EDITOR.





## APPENDIX.



## APPENDIX.

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### PROXIMES, AND NOTES BY THE EDITOR.

#### NOTES ON THE TRANSLATIONS FROM BEAUMARCHAIS' "MARIAGE DE FIGARO."

(See p. 2.)

The translations were above the average, but it was strange to find how few had read or remembered this masterpiece of Beaumarchais. *Comme l'anglais, le fond de la langue*, was generally rendered "like English thoroughly." For the phrase as it stands by itself this might pass, but it misses the point, which is of course the allusion to Figaro's professed knowledge of English, which was confined to the one word "Goddam." Ignorance of the word *gué* was more excusable, as it is not to be found in ordinary French dictionaries, and French philologists are not agreed about its derivation. A little thought, however, would have shown that it could by no possibility mean "O ford," and was not likely to have any connection with *gueux*, a beggar. The song referred to will be found in Molière's *Misanthrope*, Act i., Scene 2, a reference to which will show that it is the song of the good king (whether Henry IV. or some other, is no matter), in the same sense as we speak of a song-of-sixpence. *Gué* is, in all probability, a corruption of *gai*, and had best be rendered "ha ! ha !" This is a point to which I attached little weight, but I had no scruple in gulping those who translated *ma mie*, "my crumb," or "my crust."

Other difficulties are not so easily dealt with. For *caractère*, *esprit, politique*, there are no exact equivalents. "Charcter" is ambiguous, having a moral connotation which the French word has not; "force of character" might pass. For *esprit*, "brains" and

"mother-wit" are only makeshifts. *Politique* represents both "politics" and "policy," and I would suggest "diplomacy." For *les bureaux* "official life" is perhaps the nearest equivalent. *Oir* (audire) is to hear with the ears; *entendre*, to catch the meaning of, to take in. *Quand on n'est, comme on dit, que vide et creux*, is a good instance to quote against the literalists. Render it word for word, and it is as flat as yesterday's champagne. The alternative lies between suppressing the *comme on dit*, or, as Mrs Morgan has done, accentuating the *vide et creux*. On the other hand, by not observing the elliptical terseness of *mediocre et rampant*, etc., many have turned a *mot* into a platitude; e.g., "The summit of ambition may be attained by a combination of mediocrity and servility"—the thought is Beaumarchais', but the voice is Dr Johnson's. In conclusion, I would advise all contributors who do not possess the play to order a copy in the edition of the *Bibliothèque Nationale*, price 2½d.

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#### TRANSLATION OF COPPÉE'S SONNET.

(See p. 6.)

Another version, by Miss COURTENAY.

In famed Toledo was an ancient rite—  
 Ere he the style of armourer might claim,  
 Each pupil passed a night beside the flame  
 That glowed and reddened in the furnace bright.  
 With his best art a weapon he must frame,  
 Supple as silk, and as a feather light,  
 And on the tip, hot from the anvil, write  
 As a thank-offering the master's name.  
 For thee, Ronsard, I've kept the night-watch long,  
 With prentice hand thy lofty rhyme to essay—  
 As a steel rapier flexible and strong.  
 Long 'neath my stroke the ruddy metal lay,  
 And echoed back the ringing hammer's sound,  
 Now with thine honoured name the work is crowned.

## SONNETS AFTER COPPÉE.

(See pp. 6 and 99.)

## TO SHAKESPEARE. By VANNUCCHIO.

As a young artist toils in youthful glow  
To copy with a pencil's meagre shade,  
Some face in glorious colouring arrayed,  
By faultless Andrea or strong Angelo :—  
Yet, though amerced of colour, even so  
Not other are the features, now displayed  
By poorer skill, than those the master made,  
A marvel well-nigh living long ago :—  
So mighty Shakespeare, with a feeble strain,  
I seek in sonnets to enshrine my love,  
Even as thou thine own in ages gone ;  
That lady dark will never come again,  
Nor thy gold song, yet others also prove  
The pen how different, but the passion one.

## TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. By A. MATHESON.

Had I such faith in mine own gift of song  
That I might herald it with prelude sweet,  
Of how, a child, I skimmed with flying feet  
Life's frozen lake, where circling fancies throng  
Far from life's ocean currents deep and strong,  
Until the pain and mystery, that beat  
Through the world's heart, did in the child's heart meet  
And make her woman ; I would ponder long  
Thine elemental harmonies, that wed  
Man's spirit to Nature's, chords that erst were born  
In the Soul of our souls.

Thou art calm and great ;

When my voice quivers with swift love and dread,  
Thou dost rebuke me with a touch of scorn ;  
“ Sing thou no prelude ;—only work and wait.”

K

## TO SHAKESPEARE.\* By "D."

Go, take the roaring whirlwind by the throat  
 Or charge war's thunder yield his bolts to thee ;  
 Rob death of all whereon he most does dote,  
 To dower it with thine immortality.  
 From twilight charm her starry broidered coat,  
 And in mid-winter make sweet spring to be ;  
 Woo each wood-warbler for his wildest note,  
 And hush witch-discords with fay-melody.  
 With laughing Ariel skim the rainbow's span,  
 Or shake deep earth with questionings, as thou wilt ;  
 Touch each strange chord within the heart of man—  
 Love, self, joy, sorrow, madness, honour, guilt.  
 All this and more, my Shakespeare, thou hast done ;  
 And I to thee am sunflower unto sun.

## TO KEATS. By L. E. U.

As one who thro' a morning mountain mist  
 Gropes upward, seeing but a little way,  
 Till at a sudden turn leaps forth a ray,  
 Gleams thro' a rift a rosy peak sun-kist ;  
 Or where a snow-lit, knife-edge, silver-white,  
 Runs downward, and he sees nor cap nor base,  
 And stands a moment breathless, face to face,  
 With wonder and with beauty infinite ;  
 Only a moment, till the misty door  
 Shuts out his joy, yet leaves behind no sense  
 Of mystery that mocks at impotence,  
 But fore-gleams of delight not guessed before ;  
 So flashed Hyperion's lord, so seemed to die  
 Thy sun, whereof the gleam abides for aye.

\* King Lear, Henry V., Sonnets, Midsummer Night's Dream, Winter's Tale, As You Like It, Macbeth, Tempest, Hamlet, etc.

## TO ROBERT BROWNING. By X?

Choked ! Faugh ; even yet the fulvid fume and glare  
 Tingles in eyes, nose, throat, and blurs the day :  
 But, star-sweet, in the reek of Tophet, lay  
 Twin hanaps, horn, Hans Pezolt mounted fair ;  
 A pig-skin,—quaint old Rychenbach made away  
 With the first tenant—wrapped a Blondus rare ;  
 And how did dei Cammei's rubies flare  
 Through crystal nef that flashed a lurid ray !  
 Browning ! *De te* ; midst mirk, and blare, and blaze  
 Of thy Titanic genius set afame,  
 Come glimpses of our Aprils and our Mays ;  
 The morning peak that shrines the scholar's fame  
 Abt Volger musing ; dogma *down* a tree ;  
 And dead maid Evelyn with the leaf, ah me !

## NOTES ON THE TRANSLATIONS OF COPPÉE'S SONNET, Etc.

The canon that I ventured to lay down in *Prizes and Proximes*, when discussing the translation of Goethe's sonnet, holds good of Coppée's. The gain of producing a formal English sonnet cannot compensate the loss involved in the abandonment of the form and structure of the original. I said of Goethe's sonnet, that the exact metre must be preserved ; but, seeing we cannot reproduce the exact effect of French Alexandrines, and that Heroics are the only lines recognised in the English sonnet, there can be no hesitation about converting the Alexandrines into Heroics. "'Twas a custom in famous Toledo of yore"—a typical beginning—is obviously incongruous, even in a quasi-sonnet. *Souple comme un marteau*—the meaning is not at first obvious. The hammer is that used in the armourer's workshop, the shaft of which is of supple steel, by which greater force is given to the blow.

The extra prize for the best Sonnet after Coppée was no easy matter to decide. Interpreting "after Coppée" in the most liberal sense, I think I was still justified in insisting (1.) that the sonnet reproduce in some form the motive of Coppée ; (2.) that it should

therefore not only set forth the praises, but recall the manner of the poet to whom it is addressed. More than half have failed to fulfil these conditions. Of those we print, "L. E. U.'s" and "A. Matheson's" are fine sonnets, but for this reason debarred. "Vannucchio" is very happy, and "D" has written a clever cento, but neither recalls to my mind Shakespeare, as "A Blind Man" does Milton.

NOTES ON THE TRANSLATIONS OF COURIER'S LETTER.

(See p. 8.)

A comparison of Courier with Mme. de Sévigné would take me too far afield; but I may note one or two points of likeness and difference which bear on the translation. Both are admirable *raconteurs*, graphic, direct, simple; but Sévigné's simplicity is natural and artless; she writes *tout ce qui vient au bout de la plume*; Courier's (like Plato's, whom in many points he resembles) is the perfection of art. Courier has perhaps more wit, Sévigné certainly more humour.

The commonest failings in the translations were diffuseness and awkwardness. I take at random two or three instances. "We begin again to observe one another, like people who are seeing one another for the first time." "Maire, a young man, a lieutenant, whom you may possibly have seen."

I will go through the piece, noticing the chief difficulties *seriatim*. 1. The first sentence was a touchstone, and few caught the exact *nuance* of "pour ma part je n'y ai pas nui." It is not simply, "I did not oppose it," but rather "I had a finger in it." An instance of litotes, a classical scholar would call it. 2. "Mais bonnement"—"but" here is not English. 3. "Dura, devenait," the change of tense was commonly neglected. 4. "Si ad rem . . . que veux-tu," "so à propos, in short, etc.," seems to me a sufficient rendering. 5. "Commandant,"—there is no exact English equivalent, but "commandant" cannot stand. 6. *Il aspire à descendre* was the crux of the piece, and several informed me, in a note, that it is untranslatable. Most perceived that it was an epigram, and therefore cannot be turned by a periphrasis. "He

aspirest to descend" stood at zero on my thermometer, deserving neither a plus nor a minus mark. Few, I fancy, recognised the quotation from Corneille's "Cinna." I suggest with some misgivings, "He soars to sink," as at once epigrammatic and not unpoetical.

The two versions here given were bracketed, but after one or two inaccuracies have been corrected, Mr Wilkinson's is, in my opinion, superior in style and brilliance.

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#### TRANSLATION OF DIALOGUE FROM TASSO.

(See p. 14.)

Another version, by "M. C. G."

*Tasso.*

What is the word, my princess, thou dost speak ?  
The golden age, that after which each heart  
Yearns yet, in vain, ah ! whither is it fled ?  
Those years when human kind like happy herds  
O'er earth yet free in careless joyance roamed,  
When in the flower-bright field some world-old tree  
Gave shade to shepherd and his rustic mate,  
While younger thicket-growth round longing love  
Its tender sprays familiarly entwined :  
Where clear and still on pure perennial sands  
The river circled softly round its nymph ;  
And harmless in the grass the startled snake  
Slipt away swiftly, and the Faun o'er-bold  
From youthful valour not unpunished fled ;  
Where winging the free air each several bird,  
And every beast o'er hill and valley roaming,  
To man proclaimed—whate'er gives joy is good.

*Princess.*

'Tis true, my friend, that golden age is gone,  
But yet the good may win it back again ;  
And, should I make confession what I think,  
The golden age, that flattering poets' myth,

Was then, meseems, no more than now it is,  
 Or, if it was, then was it only so,  
 As it may ever be for us again.  
 Still hearts meet hearts with kindred yearning moved,  
 And share the bright world's bliss betwixt them now :  
 And in thy maxim, let there but be changed  
 One single word, "whatever beseems is good."

*Tasso.*

Oh ! if a general law, laid down for all  
 By good and noble men, might but decide  
 That question, *what beseems*. For now each one  
 Thinks that is fitting which hath present use.  
 The cunning man and strong does nought amiss,  
 To him, we see, whate'er he wills is good.

*Princess.*

Wouldst thou exactly learn what seemly is,  
 Ask not of men, but women noble-souled,  
 For it concerns the woman more than all,  
 That all be seemly, whatsoe'er be done.  
 Propriety as with a wall defends  
 The tender, easily offended sex.  
 Where reigns morality, there woman reigns ;  
 Where insolence is lord, she hath no place.  
 And if thou ask the goal of either sex,  
 Man answers freedom, woman, ordered law.

NOTES ON THE TRANSLATIONS OF DIALOGUE FROM TASSO.

The passage was easier than usual, and the "gulfed" are consequently rarer. Lines 8, 9, were misrendered by several, and those who translated *Fawn* "fawn" without a capital laid themselves open to grave suspicion, though they might quote Spenser's authority for the spelling. The commonest failing was in the versification. Alexandrines were frequent, but even where the number of feet and accents were correct, there was often a wearisome monotony, each verse ending with a pause, and the cæsura or break always falling

in the same place. Blank verse of a kind is easy enough to write, in fact, the inexperienced prose-writer has, like Mr Wegg, a trick of dropping into it ; and in a recent essay of an R. A., who is better with his brush than his pen, we counted as many as ten consecutive lines.

It only remains to notice one or two particular phrases, *Weich* was commonly slurred. *Buxom* (as Milton uses "the buxom air") exactly expresses it. *Erlaubt ist was sich ziemt—sich ziemt* is a "single word" in German ; it will not do in English to vary the phrase by two or three words. *Sittlichkeit, Sitte* have no exact equivalent ; like the Latin "mores," they connote morality and custom. "Propriety," like "respectability," is one of those words that has been hopelessly vulgarised.

A correspondent kindly called our attention to a version of the play by Miss Swanwick, in Bohn's Standard Library. The passage is rendered with the even excellence that distinguishes all Miss Swanwick's work. None of our contributors, as far as we have observed, has resorted to it.

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#### PASSAGES FROM STE. BEUVE.

(See p. 18.)

Another version, by "H. W."

These little receptions of Madame de Sablé, so exclusive, yet so frequented, in the shadow of the cloister without taking too much of its tone, combined some of the advantages of both worlds. They seem to me to be the original type of what we have seen in our own time in the receptions at the Abbaye-aux-Bois. I shall here speak only of the latter.

M. de Chateaubriand held sway there, and when he was present everything bore reference to him ; but he was not always there, and even then "degree and priority" were observed—each one had his special favour. They chatted about all sorts of things, confidentially, as it were, and in a rather lower tone than elsewhere. All society, or at any rate a great part of it, used to attend these receptions, yet there was nothing there of common-place. You

breathed, on entering, an air of tact and reticence. A sympathetic and varied kindness, something indefinable of personal cordiality towards each, set one immediately at ease, and softened the first awe of treading on what seemed almost like holy ground. Refinement existed side by side with familiarity, or at least with unconstraint ; there was great freedom in the choice of subjects,—which is so necessary for the play of conversation,—and a readiness to enter into all that was said, which did not proceed merely from good-nature and desire to please, but betokened a more genuine interest. At the outset, your eyes met a smile which plainly said, “I understand,” and shed sweetness and light on everything. It was impossible to leave, even after a first visit, without some electric truth that thrilled your heart and brain, so that you were gratified, and, yet more, grateful.

Another version, by “D. M.”

*Le monde ou l'on se désennuie.*

It is in this little drawing-room of Madame de Sablé’s, so exclusive and yet so much frequented, overshadowed by the cloister but unchilled by its gloom, and blending in a way the best of both worlds, that I seem to find the prototype of that other at l’Abbaye-aux-Bois, as we knew it. It is of the latter only that I would now speak.

M. de Chateaubriand ruled there supreme : when he was present everything bore reference to him. He was not there always ; but, even then, there seemed still to be a place, a rank, a special niche for every other guest. You talked of everything or anything, but always, as it were, in confidence : even your tone was a thought lower than it was elsewhere. Everybody came, or nearly everybody, but not one that was common or commonplace. The moment you entered, you breathed an atmosphere of discreet reserve. There was no lack of gracious friendliness either, but it was daintily touched and modulated : you felt somehow that an altogether personal interest was being taken in yourself. This quickly set you at your ease, and charmed away your neophyte’s constraint ; for this drawing-room reminded you—by the faintest suggestion—of a place

of worship. You met with high breeding and familiar frankness, or rather naturalness ; that facile choice of topics which is so essential to the play of conversation ; and a quick readiness to enter into what you were saying that was not mere courtesy or good nature, but the prompting rather of a more genuine interest. Your eye encountered an anticipating smile, that said as plain as words, "I know what you mean," and lit up all with a gentle glow. You came away, even from your first visit, feeling strangely moved : your head and your heart alike were stirred : you felt pleased with yourself, but more than that, and more than all, you felt grateful.

#### NOTES ON THE TRANSLATIONS OF PASSAGE FROM STE. BEUVE.

The three versions that I publish (and I wish I could find room for all the First Class) will show what different solutions the same insoluble problem admits of ; how, even in prose, it is impossible to convey from one language to another the whole of the form and the meaning. The version to which I have awarded the prize, is the least literal of the three, and will bear out the complaint that has been more than once addressed to me of leaning unduly to the side of the paraphrasts. I must therefore repeat once more, for the guidance of future competitors, that the more literal a translation is, the better I shall be pleased, provided it be a translation and not a piece of construing. In the present case, H. W. and D. M. were debarred by reason of faults which almost amounted to mistranslations. In H. W.'s version, it is perhaps hypercritical to object that the *salon* itself (I prefer to keep the French word as naturalised, and having no English equivalent) was literally, as well as metaphorically, in the shadow of the cloister. *Un à-parté* is "an aside," not a "special niche," or a "special place,"—nor, for that matter, is it adequately rendered by "no one was left out in the cold." Swift's "sweetness and light" has been vulgarised by Mr M. Arnold. "I will notice very briefly the most prevalent errors in the other versions: 1. *Clos*—“snug,” “cosy.” The context shows this cannot be the meaning. 2. *Parait*—“appeared” (very commonly). 3. *Le type premier* is “the prototype,” not “the best type.” 4. *Tout le monde, etc.*—“All the world or a good many

people," is a bathos. 5. *Sentie et nuancée*, Littré gives "senti-exprimé avec vérité, avec bme." 6. "Distinction" is not an equivalent for the French homonym, any more than "the game of intercourse" is for *le jeu de l'entretien*.

TRANSLATION OF NODIER'S "LA JEUNE FILLE."

(See p. 20.)

Version by "SENEX."

Ah, she was fair indeed, when in fresh morning's glow,  
All simply clad, she watched her garden's blooming pride,  
Or, in their nest of balm, her labouring bees espied,  
Or tracked her fragrant flower-beds down each devious row.

Ah, she was fair indeed, when in the ball at night,  
Adorned with blushing roses or with sapphires blue,  
While her pure brow flashed back the flashing torches' light,  
Through the gay dance's joyous maze she lightly flew.

Ah, she was fair indeed, when, shaded by her veil,  
Which floated, lightly fanned by summer's midnight air,  
Silent we watched her pass, and blessed the chance that there  
Showed us that lovely vision by the starlight pale.

Ah, fair indeed, and fairer every day did grow,  
As tender thoughts were born from hopes unformed, but sweet :  
Love only lacked to make her all in all complete—  
Peace ! Through the fields her funeral train winds yonder sad and  
slow.

Version by "EPHAH."

Fair she was in the morning light,  
As she passed thro' her garden, simply drest,  
Marking the miracles wrought in the night,  
Watching her bees in their fragrant nest,  
Or threading the maze of the flower-beds bright.

Fair she was 'mid the ball-room throng,  
 Gleaming with sapphires flashing blue,  
 As the lamps' white light on her brow beat strong,  
 Or simply decked with a rose or two,  
 Heading the dance as it whirled along. —

Fair she was with her face half seen,  
 As her veil was stirred by the breath of the night.  
 I was watching in silence to see my queen,  
 And my heart was filled with a glad delight,  
 To see her, tho' but by the stars' pale sheen.

Fair she was ; and her beauty rare,  
 Softened by maidenly reveries,  
 Ripened each day. To be yet more fair.  
 She lacked but the light of love in her eyes.  
 Hush ! 'tis her funeral passing there.

## NOTES ON THE TRANSLATION OF NODIER'S LYRIC.

Nodier's lyric was easy to render in a way, the sentiment and the language being perfectly plain and simple ; but it was very hard to prevent this simplicity from lapsing into commonplace, not to say vulgarity. Two correspondents were good enough to send me a version which appeared in the Dublin magazine "Kottabos." It begins :—

"She was very very pretty in the morning newly risen,  
 A-gathering the dewy rose just burst from its green prison."

This is easy, fluent, and fairly faithful, but it is Nodier played on a barrel-organ. To come nearer home, such lines as "She footed it feately the fairest of all," "She tripped the foremost in the mazy dance," are hopelessly *banal*. The motive of the poem is clearly distinguished from that of Wordsworth's "She dwelt among the untrodden ways." Several have imitated the curious variation in the metre of the second stanza ; but it is not worth preserving in the English. The most natural equivalent is, perhaps, the metre of "In Memoriam," or some such modification of that metre as the

one adopted by "Senex." The following couplet will account for one gentleman finding himself in the last class :—

"To make her fairer still and rarer, she needed but a lover :  
He'll come, no fear, e'en now I hear John coming through the clover."

This rendering of "son convoi" was by no means unique.

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NOTES ON THE TRANSLATIONS OF PASSAGE FROM PAUL HEYSE.

(See p. 22.)

Little need be said about the charming vignette of Heyse. The main difficulty lay in finding equivalents for particular words—*trägē Gluth, wogte, perlender Ton*. "Heavy heat," "heaved," "liquid sound," are the best I can think of. The first sentence, however, wanted careful turning ; even the prize version is not quite satisfactory. I may notice the most prevalent mistakes : "squirrels" for "lizards," "quick as lightning" for "fireproof," "adjacent to the town of Meran" for "reaching down to" or "skirting." There was a good deal of wordy periphrasis and tall writing—e.g., "the aerial ocean surging to-and-fro in the caldron of a valley," "as if the juice of the noble plant were perceptibly boiling on the fire of heaven," "squirrels were its only denizens."

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NOTES ON TRANSLATIONS OF PASSAGE FROM BRANTÔME'S  
"VIES DES DAMES ILLUSTRES."

(See p. 24.)

The passage of Brantôme was a touchstone both of French and of style. The smallness of the first class shows how few satisfied both tests. To take the first point first ; without any special knowledge of old French, it was tolerably obvious that *d'crire d'aucunes particulières* could not mean "with writing about *none* in particular," and that *qui nous en ont peu raconter* could not stand for "who have told us little" (*peu raconté*). Again, in *j'ay*

ouy conter à feu de M. de Lignerolles, the double *de* is puzzling ; but a knowledge of modern French would have preserved the many who fell into the pitfall of "I have heard related at the fireside of M. de Lignerolles." Again, neither in old nor new French does *spirituel* mean "spiritually minded." *Homme de bien* always means "a man of virtue," or "honest man," not "of high degree," as the prize version had it. Less obvious points were—*m'amuser*, used in the true etymological sense of abstaining from serious business ; *chaffourer*, not recognised by Littré, but given in Cotgrave, "to disfigure, blot, blurre, besmeare, also to scribble, or write ill-favouredly ;" *et croy que for je crois ; fatal en bonté*, "predestined to goodness," "a talisman of goodness," as one rendered it excellently. *Se remettre en façon de monde, sinon au desespoir*, is a loose construction, "they could not betake themselves to their ordinary way of life, saving to despair," *i.e.*, but gave themselves up to despair.

To pass to the second head of style, I consider that the prize version, which is modelled on Ascham's English, a very happy hit. I do not know whether, apart from the mistakes, I should not have preferred D. M.'s, as simpler and more rhythmical. I gladly quote a sentence or two : "Yea, the great author Boccace hath made a fair large book about nought else." "I will content me therefore to write of some ladies in especial, and chiefly of our own in this our France, and of our own times or our fathers, that may have told us thereof. . . . She made indeed a good end and of a very steadfast courage, giving up cheerfully this world, and strongly desiring the other." As a contrast, I may quote at random a few characteristic turns : "As I have to talk about the ladies," "Boccacio has made an interesting book out of it," "Her end was an extremely beautiful one," "She was a thorough Frenchwoman," "a very good sort of man," "the even tenor of their way." Most of these phrases are unobjectionable in themselves, but they all have a modern ring, which offends the ear in a translation of sixteenth century French.

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## TRANSLATION OF SCHEURLIN'S "TREUER TOD."

(See p. 28.)

## Version by "D."

Together—he, musket on shoulder,  
 I, bugle on breast—we strode.  
 Four arms were we to fight with,  
 Two feet to march day or night with,  
 One heart in the halt by the road.

And ever as close together  
 As well might be we kept,  
 For, whene'er my bugle I'd wind me,  
 It was but a pace behind me  
 My comrade fought or stept.

Ah, me! on the field of Lützen  
 A shot came whizzing past,  
 And back, as his life-blood started,  
 My bravest and loyalest hearted  
 Of comrades dropt at last.

"O God, have pity upon me!  
 My hour is come!" he cried;  
 "Heap high the turf above me,  
 And play there, an you love me,  
 'As men should die he died.'"

I flung my arms around him,  
 His eyes closed soft as sleep.  
 Was it he or I that was dying?—  
 Hushed there we together were lying,  
 And round us night grew deep.

As he had bidden me, o'er him  
 I heaped the green turf high,  
 And I played, with my tears fast flowing  
 Last honour of earth's bestowing!  
 "He died as men should die."

When homewards we came marching  
 With colours flying free,  
 'Midst cheers from sire and brother,  
 There burst thro' the ranks a mother  
 With her babe beside her knee.

With streaming eyes round gazing,  
 She waved her hand on high.  
 My heart blenched to behold her,  
 I played—could I else have told her?—  
 “*He died as men should die.*”

## NOTES ON TRANSLATIONS OF SCHEURLIN'S “TREUER TOD.”

The ballad is simple, and has a ring of genuine pathos ; the fifth stanza, in particular, seems to me a true touch of nature ; but Uhland's *Ich hatt' einen Kameraden* forbids us to call it first-rate. The prize version has the great merit of keeping strictly to the simplicity of the original. The metre, too, is strictly preserved, with the exception of the double rime ; and when I observe the straits to which translators were driven in the first stanza (even “D.” is reduced to a stop-gap), I think that discretion was here the better part. Most failures, apart from rime and rhythm, were due to want of imagination : either the scene was not realised, or some word or turn imported commonplace and prosaic associations. Thus “cornist” is a dictionary word, and utterly inapplicable to a bugler ; “a militia man” has not the same connotation in England as a *Landesknecht*, or foot-soldier, in Germany. “We *had* four arms” is evidently weaker than “We *were* four arms.” Just as at school we were taught that *ejus* was inadmissible in Latin verse, so *one—e.g.*, “the brave one,” “the faithful one”—is generally to be avoided in English poetry.

## NOTES ON THE TRANSLATIONS OF PASSAGE FROM ST SIMON.

(See p. 32.)

The St Simon contained one or two traps for the unwary ; one or two phrases for which there is no exact equivalent in English ;

and several epigrammatic turns which presented no great difficulty to the observant. Otherwise, the loose, easy, and not strictly grammatical style of St Simon favoured the translator, who is under no necessity of rounding his periods, or reproducing a subtly-modulated rhythm. Three or four candidates, misled, I take it, by M. Althaus's hit, tried Elizabethan English. Walpole's Letters would have been a better model.

To come to particulars, *s'alla promener* is "visited for his pleasure," as opposed to the campaign in Flanders. *Dont il était amoureux avec quelque éclat* was a nut to crack—"His devotion to her had been much talked of, and," etc.; there is nothing about an amour or an intrigue. *Ses frères*, "his brothers," was not rare, and *malgré qu'il en eût* was a rock of offence to some of the best. The story of the lady's two brothers overtaking the Count at Dover, and asking him whether he had not forgotten something, is tolerably familiar. *En deux coups de langue irréparables et ineffaçables* is a case where literal translation is impossible; "to hit them off in an epigram, which clung to the victim and rankled," is the best I can do with it. *Les premières entrées* is a technical phrase,—the right of entering the presence chamber first. The epigram in the last sentence was strangely missed by most; "all was allowable to him, and he permitted himself everything" sounds somewhat flat.

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#### NOTES ON TRANSLATIONS FROM "CAUSERIES DU LUNDI."

(See p. 36.)

The absolute blunders were comparatively few, yet the Fifth and Sixth Classes were mainly filled by those who translated *à la diable* "to the devil," *dont il ne se doutait pas* "which he did not doubt," and *manèges* "family matters." To pass to less obvious mistakes, *le service* is "the army," not "the court;" *faire des procès à* is "to take the law of" in the literal sense, not "to quarrel with," as about half understood it. "To classify society" is something different from settling questions of precedence. *Yet* is "go," if such an Americanism were admissible; but "dash" is classical, and *relief* can be turned by "boldness of relief," though "graphic-

ness" and "light and shade" are either of them adequate. *A la diable* was the rock on which most made shipwreck. It means, of course, "carelessly, hastily, anyhow." Voltaire, for instance, says, "Les Anglais disent que nos tragédies sont à la glace ; il pourrait bien en être quelque chose, mais les leurs sont à la diable." "God knows how," seems to me very happily to preserve the epigrammatic antithesis between the devil-may-care style and the *κτῆμα ἐστι*. The tense of *j'examinais* was often missed. Saint Simon says, "While the actors were playing their different parts, I was examining them with eyes and ears." *Entrailles* must be toned down, "from the very entrails of his victims." *Faisant sa pâture* is "feasting, regaling himself on history," perusing history for comedy, as Shakespeare perused Holinshed for tragedy. Lastly, I may notice a prevalent mistake in the First Class, the attempt to improve on the original ; thus, *l'espion* was translated "the detective," "the Paul Pry," "the Diogenes" of his age. A little thought will show that each of these renderings imports a false connotation, and that, like M. Jourdain's "Belle Marquise," the simple "spy" is the best.

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TRANSLATION OF PASSAGE FROM SIMONIDES.

(See p. 38.)

Version by E. D. A. M.

What time in carven chest  
 Lorn Danaë shook and shuddered into tears,  
 Hearing the moaning wind, the washing wave—  
 With loving arms she clasped child Perseus to her breast :  
 " Ah, child—alas my doom !  
 Thou art a flower asleep the while—untouched by fears  
 Thine heart lies, cribbed in joyless brass-bound cell,  
 Twilight around thee, and the azure gloom.  
 Though o'er thy sheltered, young, abundant hair  
 Dashes the surge and the wind's voices rave,  
 Thou hast thereof no care,  
 Sweet face ! in purple robe enwound and slumbering well.

L

Ah, child, thou knowest not what thing is fear !  
 Else had my word thrilled thro' thy tender ear.  
 Now sleep my babe—sleep, Ocean ! and, like thee,  
 Sleep sorrow's boundless sea.  
 O Father Zeus, from thee let fortune dawn more fair !  
 And if too bold my prayer,  
 For this child's sake forgive, whom unto thee I bare.

Version by J. R. (Harrow).

The day that round her carven coffer lowered  
 The roaring tempest and the angry spray,  
 With stricken heart and tearful cheek she cowered,  
 Fondling her little Perseus where he lay ;  
 And thus her rueful lullaby she sang :—  
 O baby boy, what weary woe is mine !  
 But thou within thy brazen-bolted ark  
 Slumberest with ne'er a pang ;—  
 Thy weanling wit all careless to repine  
 That skies are frowning, or thy dungeon dark.  
 Sunk in thy purple folds, what heed hast thou  
 Of piping winds aloft, or scouring sea,  
 That wets no hair of all thy bonny brow ?  
 Nor ought of fear is fearsome unto thee :—  
 Else had my babe now hearkened to my moan ;  
 Sleep on, my pet ; and sleep, ye waters loud,  
 And sleep, thou shoreless misery wide and wild.  
 Ah ! Zeus, from thy great throne,  
 Some ray, some respite send : or, if too proud  
 My prayer,—forgive, and hear me for thy child !

Version by MARTEL.

The voice of the wind is wailing,  
 And the spaces of sea are afoam,  
 And with terror her spirit is failing,  
 In her cunningly-carven home ;

And with dewdrops her soft cheeks glitter,  
And her loving hands entwine  
Round her boy, and her murmur is bitter—  
“My darling, what sorrow is mine !”  
Yet in slumber untroubled reposing,  
*Thy* baby heart is light ;  
While about thee are cruelly closing  
Blue mists of a murky night ;  
And our bronze-girt craft under-presses  
The surge, as it joyless whirls,  
And the wave washes over thy tresses,  
Nor wets thy tangled curls.  
Yet nought of the wave thou reckest,  
And nought of the wind’s distress,  
But with crimson coverlet deckest  
Thy innocent loveliness.  
Though, if terror had terror to move thee,  
Then an ear were readily bent  
To the labour of lips that love thee,  
To the song of thy mother’s lament.  
Sleep on, then ! A mother’s devotion  
Bids her darling slumber still ;  
Sleep, measureless spaces of ocean,  
And slumber, limitless ill.  
And, O Gods, let this trouble be ended,  
Make morn of my night of despair.  
And pardon, if I have offended,  
For it is my darling’s prayer.

## NOTES ON TRANSLATIONS OF PASSAGE FROM SIMONIDES.

When I ventured on setting a Greek translation, I was prepared to see the entries reduced to tens, though I hoped to attract a chosen few. My hope has been realised, and my fears have proved idle. The First Class, it is true, is small, but all were worthy to be printed ; and the very large Second Class shows how many have realised, and in some measure reproduced, the exquisite original.

Several adopted blank verse ; many more heroic couplets. As I gave the choice of a translation or an adaptation, neither of these metres is absolutely debarred, and Kingsley's "Sappho," or Mr Arnold's "Cadmus and Harmonia," might supply a model ; but some lyric measure is obviously fitter, and, for choice, an irregular measure—Pindarics, as Cowley or Gray would have termed it.

Opinions will differ widely as to the respective merits of the versions we print, and many, doubtless, will put the last first ; but it seems to me that the prettiness and polish, and even cadence, of "Martel's" lines are the farthest removed from the naked simplicity and the varied harmony of the Greek. Between the first three it was not easy to decide. In "J. R.'s" beautiful version, the "baby boy" and "bonny brow" offend me. Simonides is pathetic (Mr Symonds goes further, and gives as the note of his genius the pathos of romance), but he is not sentimental. "E. D. A. M.'s" is, on the whole, the most faultless copy, but I have followed the judgment of Paris. The inscription, "for the most fair," would certainly award it to "F. W. B." There are subtle harmonies in his rhythm which sound at first like discords ; there are words and turns which have the ring of true poetry, and give back the charm of the original—a re-creation rather than a translation. If I may venture to criticise, I would hint that the influence of Morris is too apparent, and that "the dædal-fashioned ark" is an affectation of archaism.

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NOTES ON THE TRANSLATIONS OF PASSAGE FROM  
THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

(See p. 40.)

Gautier is a stylist, and, next to his exquisite polish, his chief distinction is the extraordinary wealth of his vocabulary, in which he rivals Victor Hugo or Balzac. "To bear out his many quaint metaphors, he draws freely from that store of technical and obsolete words to which he was ever adding, even at the cost of whole days spent in poring over a lexicon. When he does not find what he wants, he coins it straightway." I will begin with disposing of the

initial difficulty as best I can. *Pivotal* is *risqué* in French, and insufferable in English. "Central figure" inadequately represents the *individualité*; "one cardinal personality" is perhaps not too bold. *Fustanelle* (see Littré, Supplement) is the skirt that the modern Greek wears over his trousers. Either keep the word "fustanella," or render "khirka," the special name for a dervish's skirts. *d'Abencérage*—It is strange how many mistook the Moorish clan for the name of an individual. Châteaubriand's famous romance, *Les Aventures du dernier Abencérage*, which has been translated into English, ought to have prevented this mistake. *Exotique ou nostalgique*, "alien or homesick," cf. Dryden's—

"The mother plant admires the shades unknown,  
Of alien trees and apples not her own."

"Exotic" might stand, but "nostalgic" is a dictionary word in English, and so conveys wholly different associations to the French homonym. *S'agatiser*—all the dictionaries I have consulted fail, giving only, "To turn to agate." "Mellowing" seems to me the nearest equivalent possible. It is a choice between approximate brevity and periphrastic accuracy. "Which takes, as it hardens with time, the tones and texture of the agate," would be an intolerable *longueur*. There is not much else to notice. In the first two sentences, mixed metaphors were very common. "Take root," "magnetic attraction," "whirlpool or whirlwind," are common instances of confusion. *Au milieu de* is something more than "*in* his robes." I prefer "gyrations" to "waltzing," which smacks of the ball-room; and "but yesterday" to "the evening before," which is needlessly definite. *A la bonne heure*, "if you will," should stand at the end, as in the French order. "That hit the mark," and "he might have been either," were common inaccuracies.

We recommend Gautier's *Histoire du Romanticisme*, from which the passage is taken, both as an exercise in French, and as a valuable essay in criticism.

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## POEM OF PIERRE DUPONT.

(See p. 42.)

Version by G. E. D.

*Sic vos non vobis.*

We whom the cock's reveillée wakes,  
 Our scarce-cold lamp to light once more ;  
 Who back to forge or bench, ere breaks  
 The dawn, for some vague pittance pour ;  
 We who with hands, arms, feet,—nay, all  
 Our bodies,—strife unceasing wage,  
 Yet for the morrow ne'er can call  
 A shelter ours 'gainst frosts of age :  
 We friends should be, and whether sink  
 To peace the guns, or round us roar,  
 We oft will gather, o'er and o'er  
 To drink  
 To Freedom's march from shore to shore !

From jealous wave, from niggard earth,  
 Our sinews, ever strained and torn,  
 Drag forth whate'er of diverse worth  
 They hide, to nourish or adorn,  
 Gems, metals, pearls, from out the deep,  
 The hillside's grape, the valley's grain.—  
 Ah ! thine the fleece is, thine, poor sheep,  
 That wraps man warm 'gainst wind and rain !  
 But friends, etc.

What profit drew ye ever yet  
 From toils that leave us bowed and lean ?  
 Ah ! whither flows our brow's fierce sweat ?  
 We are but as a mere machine.  
 Our Babels tower amidst the sky,  
 To us her wonders Earth too owes.—  
 The master drives his bees to die,  
 When rich with sweets their comb o'erflows !  
 But friends, etc.

Half-naked, housed in kennels foul,  
Close garrets there, heaped refuse here,  
We darkling lurk with thief and owl,  
Those birds to whom the night is dear.  
And yet our blood as yours is bright,  
And thro' our veins it flows as free :  
We would make merry in broad daylight,  
Or dream beneath your greenwood tree !  
But friends, etc.

Ah ! many a time has earth to tell  
How blood in torrents drenched her sward ;  
A fruitful dew ! yet where it fell  
It did but feed some tyrant lord !  
Let such vain waste henceforward cease,  
For mightier far than Hate is Love !  
There's yet, we trust, some fairer breeze  
To blow from Earth or Heaven above.  
So friends, etc.

Version by E. H. O. and "PRIZE EDITOR."

We, whose scarce extinguished lamp must be rekindled,  
At the bugle call of chanticleer each morn ;  
For a pittance out of which we oft are swindled,  
Must return to bench and forge ere day is born ;  
We whose backs and feet and hands must strain and swelter,  
Whose carcases from toil no respite know,  
Yet can earn for our to-morrows no safe shelter  
'Gainst the winter of old age, its frost and snow.

Let us love one another, and link  
Hand in hand, with healths round, when we can ;  
Be it war, be it peace,  
Cannons roar, cannons cease,  
Let us drink  
"The independence of man !"

From jealous waves of ocean, without leisure,  
 From flinty-hearted fallows, without truce,  
 Our thews of iron wrest all hidden treasure,  
 The rich man's banquet, gems for beauty's use,  
 Pearls, diamonds, ore, we pile the store together,  
 Corn from lowlands, grapes from purple hill-side reft ;  
 Poor sheep ! what famous mantles for cold weather  
 Wealth weaves him with our wool for warp and weft !  
 Let us love, etc.

What wages from our labours are we earning ?  
 From the tasks that bow our backs and leave us lean ?  
 Whither go the streams of sweat to earth returning ?  
 Workmen ? Naught are we but wheels in a machine ?  
 The Babels we have built the stars are raking ;  
 Earth's miracles, our handiwork are these ;  
 But no sooner have we ended honey-making,  
 Our masters drive away the honey-bees.  
 Let us love, etc.

Up in attics, down in cellars, on the midden,  
 We huddle, clad in tatters, stiff and stark,  
 We harbour among thieves who would be hidden,  
 We nestle with the owls who love the dark.  
 Yet the red blood in our veins runs hot and madly,  
 And our pulses throb and beat like hammer strokes ;  
 We could bask in the broad sunlight, oh how gladly,  
 Or lie beneath the shade of giant oaks.  
 Let us love, etc.

On many and many a crimson field of slaughter,  
 We have fattened earth's broad acres with our blood,  
 And still that ruddy rain has served to water  
 The ground whereon some tyranny has stood.  
 Henceforward let us husband it, well knowing  
 Love and Peace are stronger far than Hate and War,  
 Let us wait, a fairer wind will soon be blowing  
 From earth whereon we toil, or heaven afar.  
 Let us love, etc.

## NOTES ON THE TRANSLATIONS OF PIERRE DUPONT'S POEM.

The prize version is rough, but it has the fire, if not the polish, of the original. "G. E. D.'s" is correct, and evenly good, but a little tame. Instead of inflicting on my readers the monthly commentary of which they must have grown somewhat weary, I have taken the version of "E. H. O.", revised, and in part rewritten it. It only wanted more of the *limea labor* to make it not only first, but first-rate. I trust that he will pardon me for the theftuous liberty I have taken, and not pronounce on me Macaulay's verdict of "stolen and spoilt in the stealing."

*N.B.*—The cockney rime of "morning—dawning" was very common, and thinned the numbers of the First Class.

## NOTES ON THE TRANSLATIONS OF PASSAGE FROM HEINE.

(See p. 46.)

Heine's prose is easier to translate than Heine's poetry, yet even in a prose version how much of the delicate aroma is lost! Competitors who have failed may console themselves by turning to the French version of the *Reisebilder* made by Heine himself. They will find for *ängstlich* "joieusement," for *sart-legitimen Bonmots* "*vieilles factties légitimes*," and the *Lendenpoesie* omitted. When I set the passage, I was not aware that an English translation existed, but I found at the British Museum one by C. G. Leland, of gipsy celebrity. It is not fair to judge a book by one short passage, but if Mr Leland had sent in this printed version he would certainly have appeared in the Fourth Class. As his blunders are characteristic, I may briefly note them. *ängstlich*, "in all the nervous suffering of pain," a feeble and faulty paraphrase. The word here means little more than "carefully," "assiduously,"—"While he is careful to jingle his cap and bells." *Tausendactigen*, "in thousands of acts," for "in his thousand-act tragedy." *Kaiserationen*, rendered by Heine "les hauts faits de l'Empire," is omitted. *Kommen wieder herangewatschelt*, "there came waddling on the stage,"—the tense

is a unique blunder, but many, like Mr Leland, omitted the *wieder*. *Zart-legitimen Bonmots*, "tender legitimate bonmots," for "mild legitimist bonmots." Heine of course alludes to the proverbial mildness of royal jokes. *Grasiöse hüpf't herbei*, "hopped merrily before them," for "trip daintily by." *Tänzerinnen*, etc., are "dancers who create effects with their legs." The phrase is perhaps the hardest in the passage to render adequately without indecency. As an alternative to the prize version, I would suggest "for the poetry of motion," "the poetry of legs." *Costüme*, "costumes which are and ever will be the main thing," for "costumes the end-all, the be-all of the play." *Sitzt ernsthaft*, "sits seriously in his splendid seat," is a typical instance of flatness.

I have taken Mr Leland as my whipping-boy, and hope that the great "gipsy scholar" will pardon my aspersions on his German. As some have puzzled over the allusions, I may add that the puppet-play is the introduction to *Faust*, the *Narr* is the Fool in *King Lear*, and *Grazioso* is the buffoon or harlequin of Spanish Comedy.

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#### MAXIMS OF VAUVENARGUES.

(See p. 50.)

Version by G. E. D.

1. Man's mind strikes deep but random root,  
And flowers too freely for the fruit.
2. Though deep the thought be as the sea,  
Yet clear as crystal should it be.
3. Don't storm abuses, till you find  
They really can't be undermined.
4. Great wits perhaps might reign alone,  
Were there no fools to share their throne.
5. Proves calm of mind true grandeur?—Nay,  
Health gives such tokens every day.

6. What with the great to greatness grows,  
In weaker minds presumption shows :  
Though fever strength to sick beds brings,  
From health alone true vigour springs.
7. What best each knows, will best serve each :  
The soul must learn ere it can teach.
8. Where in the Decalogue stands a *Not*,  
Your rogue can always find a blot.
9. If you imagination lack,  
On someone else's tales fall back.
10. Where no good impulse keeps alive,  
Ill weeds, like sloth, will somehow thrive.
11. If at you snarls some mangy cur,  
For your own sake don't kick him, Sir !
12. King Charles did wisely, as we know,  
To hide those footprints in the snow.
13. Mere trifles seriously he takes,  
Who serious things his mockery makes.

## NOTES ON THE TRANSLATIONS OF MAXIMS OF VAUVENARGUES.

It is a parlous undertaking to decide a prize, and those correspondents who picked holes in the last prize copy will have more ground for questioning the present award. If faultlessness carried the day, "Yesi" and "Arbutus," and possibly one or two more in the First Class, would have had prior claims; but I think it just that a brilliant rendering should atone for a slight error, and more licence is lawful with a short extract than a complete version of a book or author. Thus, I consider some of Mr Myers's renderings of the *Aeneid*, in his *Fortnightly* article on Virgil, the high-water mark of translation; but the reader feels not only that it would be impossible for the translator to maintain that high standard, but that a poem of such exquisite delicacy and finish would pall upon him. Parts of "G. E. D.'s" clever paraphrase are worth printing, and if the conditions had admitted an adaptation, it would have been in the running.

To pass to particulars, I prefer as a rendering of (2), "Deep, thinkers are clear as crystal." This changes the metaphor, but "the ornament of a deep mind" is somewhat stiff. In (4) *qui s'en piquent* was a common stumbling-block. In (5) *une meilleure preuve* was an unintentional and unfair catch. It refers to the previous maxim, "Contentment is not a mark of merit." Those who gave "superior" were, perhaps, unconsciously right. In (6) I ventured on an emendation which is not confirmed by any edition of Vauvenargues that I have seen—*sains* for *saints*. I still think my reading must be right. Of (7) the interpretation has been a matter of dispute even among Frenchmen. With great diffidence I render, "Minds are trained by close intercourse with men and things," or, more epigrammatically, "Conversation is the school of wit" (using "conversation" in the Elizabethan sense). In (8) *Les esprits faux* is not "the insincere heart," but "illogical minds," "bad reasoners." In (9) "anecdote" is, perhaps, the nearest equivalent of *conter*, but the word suggests long-winded prosing. In (11) some of the best rendered *injures* "injuries," a meaning it never bears. In (12) *penchants* is not "attachments," but "pursuits." (14) is one of the hardest. It is a hit at the pastoral school of poetry, the *Paul et Virginie* type of fiction. I cannot improve on "S. Y. Y." For the last I would suggest, "Clearness is the touchstone of the true philosopher, style is the last touch of the artist." *Netteté* is a hopeless crux. We have neither the word nor the quality in England. Of past authors, I should say that Pope has it most; of living ones, Matthew Arnold.

Since writing the above, I have come across the admirable edition of "Vauvenargues," by D. L. Gilbert. He confirms the reading *sains*, and settles one of two other difficulties. On (7) he quotes from Vauvenargues' *Characters*,—"Ce n'est que par la familiarité qu'on guérit de la présomption, de la timidité de la sotte hanteur. Ce n'est que dans un commerce libre et ingénue qu'on se tâte, qu'on se démêle, et qu'on se mesure avec eux." In (14) he reads, "L'esprit enveloppe, etc.,"—an obvious improvement. The following parallel throws light on the meaning of "maître" in (15):—"La Bruyère était un grand peintre et n'était pas peut-être un grand philosophe."

## NOTES ON TRANSLATIONS OF PASSAGE FROM RENAN.

(See p. 56.)

The exquisite passage from Renan's *Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse* has attracted a larger field than ever. The French is extremely simple, and actual mistakes were rare. Consequently, a "faultily faultless" version may have sunk as low as a Fourth Class. What I went by chiefly, in assigning classes, was the sense or absence of rhythm. To give one instance,—"in the hollow of the waves the tops of the spires of its churches," relegated to a Second Class. The commonest mistakes were:—(1) *Prétendue*, "pretended." The word, of course, simply means "alleged," without any notion of truly or falsely. (2) *Aurait été*, "had been," or "must have been." The strict force of the conditional is, "is said to have been." (3) *Modulant l'hymne du jour*, "sounding in harmony with the hymn of the day." Renan refers to the Angelus, which is chimed thrice a day by the bells of most French churches, and is also the regular summons to service. *Moduler*, like the Latin *modulari*, means to sing, to chime, not to harmonise. Neither "chant" nor "intone" is an appropriate word for bells. (4) *Offices*, "duties," *passim*. (5) *Des fidèles*, "faithful ones." This rendering misses the very point Renan implies,—that he is no longer faithful; that he no longer heeds the voice of the Church. *Les fidèles* means simply a congregation. (6) *Un Atlantide*, "A lost Pleiad,"—so some fifty, with perverse ingenuity. Every one must know by name the New Atlantis of Bacon; and classical scholars are familiar with the sunken island of Plato.

## TRANSLATION OF FRENCH FOLK SONG.

(See p. 58.)

Version by "MAC."

When I'm sleepin' ay I dream,      Sleep I can get nane ava'  
 When I wauk I'm eerie,                For thinkin' o' my dearie.

Lanely nicht comes owre the hoose,  
 A' the lave are sleepin',  
 I think o' my sailor lad,  
 An' bleer my een wi' greetin'.  
 Lie my lane I canna thole,  
 I maun up and cleed me,  
 Hap me in my hooden goon  
 An' my tartan plaidie ;  
 Barefit thro' the sma' back-yett,  
 Barefit thro' the yairdie,  
 Up the brae aboon the shore  
 I' the dawin' early.  
 The lav'rock lilt fu' bonnilie,  
 The mavis sings sae cheery,  
 An' ay the owrecome o' their sang  
 Was "welcome hame, my dearie!"  
 They sang, "I see a bonnie ship  
 A' o' aiken timmer,  
 An' the mast o' ivorie,  
 An' the bauks o' siller,  
 An' the thrums of silken twine,  
 An' the sails o' satin,  
 An' the steerin'-pin of gowd,  
 Gowden gear the ladin',  
 An' the southlan' sailors a'  
 Buskit braw an' fairly,  
 An' they're bringin' — wat ye  
     wha ?  
 Wha but bonnie Charlie ?"  
 Charlie's bonnie, Charlie's sweet,  
 But sweeter ay than ony  
 Is my highlan' lad to me,  
 Welcome hame, my Johnnie !

## NOTES ON TRANSLATIONS OF FRENCH FOLK SONG.

Miss Fanny Harrison, the winner of the August prize, writes to us :—"It is indeed very kind of your correspondents to send you references to the Scotch song on which my version of the French Folk-song was modelled. I wonder if any one would complete his kindness by sending me a copy of it, as I have never seen it nor heard of it. The metre of the French suggested an almost similar metre in English. Lowland Scotch seemed the nearest approach I could make to the patois ; *le fils du Roy*, of course, made me think of the Pretender. 'Bracken' is the national greenery ; there is no nightingale in Scotland, so for him I substituted the mavis. My little Burns was published by Milner, of Halifax ; I bought it on 6th February 1854, when a child. Miss Aitken's *Scottish Song* I never saw. It is a compliment to say that my verses are like a real Scotch song ; but it is no compliment to suggest theft or plagiary."

A correspondent calls our attention to the remarkable resemblance between the first part of "Mac's" version of the French Folk Song which we printed last month, and a song entitled "Aye Waukin",

O," which occurs at p. 203 of Messrs Boosey's "Songs of Scotland." The resemblance is too close to be accidental. Our correspondent further points out that Messrs Boosey's edition very often gives part only of the words of a song; and, from the abruptness of the ending, this seems to be the case in the present instance. We have not been able to find a more complete version of the Scotch song,\* and we will, therefore, hope that the remainder of "Mac's" adaptation is original. The following lines of the Scotch song certainly justify our correspondent's suspicion :—

" When I sleep I dream,  
When I wake I'm eerie;  
Rest I canna get  
For thinkin' o' my dearie.  
Lanely nicht comes on,  
A' the lave are sleepin';  
I think on my bonnie lad,  
An' blear my een wi' greetin'."

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NOTES ON THE TRANSLATIONS OF VICTOR HUGO'S POEM.

(See p. 60.)

The general sense of Victor Hugo's poem can scarcely be mistaken, but to preserve its spirit in a translation is very difficult indeed. Consequently, while few thoroughly bad versions were received, the First Class is small. Even "Prospero's" version is not quite satisfactory in the first stanza, and his last line is also open to criticism. Far too many competitors adopted the Alexandrines of the original. The result was invariably unmusical. With regard to actual translation, the force of the words, "où l'on doit se hâter," was very generally missed. There was a good deal of uncertainty, too, about the subject to "cesse de gémir." Of course it is "la mer bleue," not "Vésuve." The last stanza was fatal to many, who failed to perceive that philosophical technicalities are out of place in poetry. "The mighty Kosmos" is not a satisfactory rendering of "le grand tout."

\* The song, with variants, is given in Dr John Brown's "Horæ Subsecivæ."

## NOTES ON THE TRANSLATIONS OF EXTRACT FROM GOETHE.

(See p. 62.)

The extract from Goethe's "Wahrheit und Dichtung" is a straightforward piece of narrative, such as would be set for a Woolwich "Unseen," and presented fewer difficulties than usual of style and idiom. Of schoolboy mistakes the most current were :—  
 1. *Sonntags früh*, "early on Sunday morning," or "for early church on Sundays," instead of simply "on Sunday morning."  
 2. *Als dass man sie*, etc., literally "for them not to be bound to abuse and ban them (the hexameters) anew." The elder Goethe's literary conservatism could not abide the new-fangled foreign metre.  
 3. *Volk* is not "their elders," but "uneducated people," "the masses." Klopstock's hexameters should assuredly have been rendered into English hexameters, but it was a nice point to decide whether bombastic versions were a conscious attempt to preserve the "Ercles vein" of the original. The prize version is correct, but somewhat tame; "maledictions" would be better than "curses," "to-do" than "commotion"; and the last sentence but one is stiff and wooden. More spirited versions were debarred by some positive mis-rendering.

## PASSAGE FROM THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

(See p. 64.)

## Version by the EDITOR.

The goddess is standing with her back turned to us. She rests the weight of her body on one leg, and leans the other knee against a mossy knoll, from which flutters a bit of blue drapery. Her back is curved inwards by the action of her arm coiling up behind her head a luxuriant mass of hair. The hand, half-buried in its brown and glossy ripples, has all the elegance of the Florentine school, slim and tapering like a hand of Primaticcio's. The clear-cut face is in half-profile, pure, delicate, and youthful, combining the subtlety of the Renaissance with the severity of the

antique. The right arm hangs idly by her side, linked in the plump arm of an infant Cupid, all roses and curls, whose cherry lips smile back at us from her mirror, as he twists himself and poses in an attitude of charming affectation. A saffron awning is fastened to the branches of the trees, and through their sparse foliage and slender twigs we catch glimpses of the azure sky and the azure distance. Above the head of a Hermes, on whose bearded marble lips there lurks an arch smile, two doves are hovering, with billing beaks and flapping wings. In the grass there lies Love's quiver, beside a Corinthian capital, round which the wild creepers seem longing to add fresh acanthus leaves. What does it here, this fragment of a fallen column, this relic of a vanished race? Can it be symbolical? Is it meant to tell us moderns that the golden age of Greece is passed, though the sex is immortal and survives the worship of the Gods? And, in truth, there is little in the wood to remind us of a Cytherean grove. The soil is rugged, and the trees a casual growth. The lawn is rough with weeds, and choked with alkanet and wild oats. In one corner of the picture a full-blown dandelion globes its head of down. Hermes is all cracked and scarred, and the base of his terminal is green with moss. Can this be Aphrodite, dethroned long ago from Olympus, and now returning by force of habit to make her bower where once, amid myrtles and oleanders, her marble shrine gleamed fair?

NOTES ON THE TRANSLATIONS OF PASSAGE FROM  
THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

The passage of Gautier is taken from a *feuilleton* of the *Moniteur Universel*, and describes a picture in the *Salon* of 1859, by Baudry, named *La Toilette de Vénus*. *Le Primatice* is neither "the Primate," nor "a prima donna," nor "high priestess," nor "our grand first parent," but a Bolognese artist of the sixteenth century. *Les tiges grèles* are not "hail-ravaged trunks," *vélarium* is not hedge-mustard, nor is "playful oats" an equivalent of *folle avoine*. The phrase *qui sourit dans sa barbe de marbre* is an affected variation on the common idiom *rire dans sa barbe*. *L'éternel féminin* is a translation of Goethe's *das ewig weibliche*. "Effemi-

nacy," "womanliness," "female beauty," are all wide of the mark ; femininity is too barbarous and cacophonous. *Déjà* most missed or mistranslated in *signifie-t-il déjà*. It means, "Does it already mean?" i.e., has it acquired this new symbolical meaning ?

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#### EXTRACT FROM LUCAN.

(See p. 68.)

Version by E. D. A. M.

Night came—the last that o'er Pompeius fell,  
 Ere he and Fortune took their long farewell—  
 Night came, and with deceiving visions blest  
 The soul, that slept not, in his sleeping breast.  
 In the wide theatre, his name that bore  
 The semblance of Rome's millions rose once more—  
 High to the stars, with jubilant acclaim,  
 Each rank and tier pealed loud Pompeius' name.  
 Such faces erst, such clamour hailed him home,  
 In youth and triumph, to the heart of Rome,  
 Hailed him the victor of the clans of Spain ;  
 The hordes where Ebro sweeps into the main ;  
 Victor of all whom, as he fled afar,  
 Sertorius' waning might could urge to war.  
 Lord of the West, yet but a knight, he came,  
 And heard the Senate's voice extol his name.  
 And sate as honoured, 'mid the stately throng,  
 In the white garb that showed the hero young,  
 As in the victor's robe that from the car  
 Spake forth the pomp and circumstance of war.  
 Perchance, in sleep, he knew his good day's done,  
 And turned from coming doom to bliss long gone.  
 Perchance, as dreams are wont, in doubtful maze,  
 Wandered the prescient sense by converse ways.  
 Foretold, by visions of success, his doom,  
 And the great wail that echoed round his tomb.

Perchance the fate, that grudged him land and home,  
Gave him, in ruth, a visionary Rome.  
Peace to those slumbers ; restful let him lie,  
And hush, ye sentinels, your watchful cry ;  
Nor let the trump smite harsh upon his ear,  
To-morrow's sleep shall image nought but Fear,  
And, grim and stern with memories of the day,  
Show but the ranks that War and Death array.

Version by F. W. B.

That night, when Life and Fortune neared their last,  
A vain dream mocked him in his vexèd sleep.  
Him seemed he sat in Pompey's theatre  
And in a multitudinous vision saw  
The Roman commons,—by exultant throats  
Heard his own name re-echoed to the sky,  
Each roaring gallery emulous in acclaim.

The sight, the shouts, the nation cheering,—all  
Was as had once been in his manhood's dawn,—  
The date of his first triumph,—when the tribes  
That rushing Ebro hemmed, and all the arms  
Roused by the runagate Sertorius  
Were crushed, and all the West world quieted.  
In robe of honour white as that white robe  
That decked his chariot,—'mid the Senate's chair,  
He sat then, still a simple Roman knight.

Was't that the vision, in thy fair day's close,  
Half fearful of the future, turned again  
To the bright past ? Or, riddling as dreams use,  
And boding contraries, did it portend  
A mighty mourning ? Or, thy home being now  
A sight for ever banned, did Fortune still  
Thus bring Rome to thee ?

Break not that repose,  
Ye sentries of the camp ! nor trumpet-bray  
Molest no ears to-night !—To-morrow brings  
The hideous night-mare of the waking day,  
Fierce foes on all sides, and on all sides war.

## NOTES ON TRANSLATIONS OF EXTRACT FROM LUCAN.

Dr Baker, Head-master of Merchant Taylors' School, kindly undertook to adjudge the prize. He writes to us: "The piece seems to me rather better suited for blank verse than for rime. My only hesitation has been between 'J. R.' and 'E. D. A. M.' The latter is very good, but too much expanded. The vigorous and terse language of Lucan is hardly reproduced. Compare the quatrain which represents the first couplet of the original. Again, 'The hordes *where* Ebro sweeps into the main,' is inaccurate. But the rendering of the last part, from 'Seu fine bonorum' to the end, is excellent. 'F. W. B.' has many happy turns, and his rhythm is good, but he has one mistranslation, and his archaisms (the double negative *no*) are not happy. 'J. R.'s' version is very close; many of the points are well made, and none missed. On these grounds I award him the prize."

## ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS.

(See p. 108.)

The total number of lists received was 534. Of these 45 gave lists of authors only, and 12 were disallowed as imperfect or evidently comic. The number of authors mentioned was 192; of these, 69 names occurred only once, and 47 ten times and upwards, as the following list will show :

NAME OF AUTHOR.	No. of times given.	CHIEF WORKS.
Tennyson, . . . .	501	{ In Memoriam (257). Idylls of the King (159).
Ruskin, . . . .	462	{ Modern Painters (238). Stones of Venice (125).
Matthew Arnold, .	453	{ Literature and Dogma (137). Essays in Criticism (89). Poems (50).
Browning, . . . .	448	{ The Ring and the Book (253). Paracelsus (58). Men and Women (37).

NAME OF AUTHOR.	No. of times given.	CHIEF WORKS.
Froude, . . . .	391	History of England.
Swinburne, . . . .	262	Atalanta in Calydon.
E. A. Freeman, . .	241	History of the Norman Conquest.
Spencer, . . . .	235	Study of Sociology.
Cardinal Newman, . .	192	Apologia pro Vita Sua.
John Morley, . . .	187	Life of Cobden.
William Morris, . .	147	The Earthly Paradise.
Huxley, . . . .	115	Lay Sermons.
W. E. Gladstone, . .	107	Homer and the Homeric Age.
Lecky, . . . .	95	History of Rationalism in Europe.
Farrar, . . . .	78	Life of Christ.
Professor Seeley, . .	62	Ecce Homo.
Leslie Stephen, . .	55	English Thought in the 18th Century.
Lewis Morris, . .	53	Epic of Hades.
William Black, . .	50	The Princess of Thule.
Shorthouse, . . . .	50	John Inglesant.
Blackmore, . . . .	48	Lorna Doone.
Max Müller, . . .	44	Science of Language.
Justin McCarthy, . .	43	History of Our Own Times.
George Macdonald, .	41	Robert Falconer.
Professor Stubbs, .	33	Constitutional History.
Charles Reade, . .	31	"Tis Never too Late to Mend."
Tyndall, . . . .	28	On Light.
Kinglake, . . . .	27	Invasion of the Crimea.
Samuel Smiles, . .	22	Self-Help.
J. A. Symonds, . .	21	History of the Renaissance.
Sir Henry Taylor, . .	20	Philip van Artevelt.
Henry Morley, . .	20	English Literature.
G. O. Trevelyan, . .	19	Life of Macaulay.
George Meredith, . .	19	Beauchamp's Career.
Archbishop Trench, .	18	Notes on the Parables.
Professor B. Jowett, .	18	Translation of Plato.
Sir Henry Maine, . .	17	Ancient Law.
Wilkie Collins, . .	16	The Woman in White.
Bishop Lightfoot, . .	15	Commentaries.
B. F. Westcott, . .	14	Gospel of the Resurrection.
James Martineau, . .	13	Endeavours after a Christian Life.
Walter Besant, . .	11	All Sorts and Conditions of Men.
Edward Dowden, . .	11	Shakespeare: His Mind and Art.
W. H. Mallock, . .	11	The New Republic.
Thomas Hardy, . .	10	The Return of the Native.
Sir John Lubbock, . .	10	Pre-Historic Times.
G. A. Sala, . . . .	10	The Baddington Peerage.

NAME OF AUTHOR.	No. of times given.	CHIEF WORKS.
Edwin Arnold, . . .	8	Light of Asia.
James Bain, . . .	8	Education as a Science.
Theodore Martin, . .	8	Life of Prince Consort.
Mark Pattison, . .	8	Casaubon.
Robert Buchanan, . .	7	Napoleon Fallen.
David Masson, . .	7	Life of Milton.
Mrs Oliphant, . . .	7	Chronicles of Carlingford.
A. Wallace, . . .	7	Island Life.
J. R. Lowell, . . .	6	Biglow Papers.
Canon Liddon, . .	6	Bampton Lectures.
Hepworth Dixon, . .	5	Her Majesty's Tower.
S. R. Gardiner, . .	5	History of England.
O. Wendell Holmes, .	5	Professor at the Breakfast-Table.
Goldwin Smith, . .	5	Three English Statesmen.
Martin F. Tupper, .	5	Proverbial Philosophy.
James Bryce, . . .	4	Holy Roman Empire.
Lord Houghton, . .	4	Life of Keats.
Thomas Hughes, . .	4	Tom Brown's Schooldays.
F. W. H. Myers, . .	4	St Paul.
J. Cotter Morison, .	4	Life of Macaulay.
Coventry Patmore, .	4	Angel in the House.
H. Sidgwick, . . .	4	Methods of Ethics.
E. B. Tylor, . . .	4	Primitive Culture.

## EXTRACT FROM DE VIGNY.

(See p. 70.)

Version by the "PRIZE EDITOR."

As a rule, the soldier's character is simple, kindly, and patient, with a touch of the childlike in it, for life in a regiment has something in common with life in a public school. The darker features of surliness and melancholy are due to the monotony of routine, and still more to the false relation in which the army stands towards the nation at large and to the mask that authority must needs wear.

The exercise of absolute authority necessitates constant reserve. An officer cannot unbend before his subordinates without allowing them a familiarity which endangers his power. He eschews free

converse and familiar chat for fear of being called to account for some personal admission or some foible that would set a bad example. I have known officers who wrapped themselves in the silence of a Trappist, and never parted their solemn bearded lips save to utter an order. Such under the Empire was the habitual attitude of superior officers and generals. Their chief set them the example and the habit was rigorously maintained, and with good reason. Not only was it a necessary safeguard against familiarity, but these veterans felt also the need of maintaining their dignity in the eyes of striplings better educated than they, turned out in batches by the military colleges, bristling with figures and with all the conceit of a prizeman, which nothing but silence could keep in check.

#### [NOTES ON TRANSLATIONS OF EXTRACT FROM DE VIGNY.

Having attempted a fair copy, I need not trouble my readers with lengthy criticism. I had little hesitation in awarding the prize to "Addiscombe" as the most faithful translator, in spite of several faults in style. "Moustache-covered lips" is an awkward phrase, and *quelque chose d'enfantin* is not well rendered by "a certain childishness." To pass to "vulgar errors," *bon* is not "good," but "kindly;" *collège* is not "college," but "school;" to transfer the French word *ennui* is a confession of weakness; in the second sentence several of the First Class were tripped up by the pronouns (using "he," for instance, with no antecedent but "the military character"); *la comédie* is neither "comedy" nor "farce," but the "make-believe," the "buckram," the part that one set in authority must play; "lips lifting a moustache" sounds strange in English, but the moustache is too graphic a trait to be omitted; "old experience" is a Miltonic phrase, but I prefer to turn the abstract into the concrete; *bardée* is a metaphor from the knight in full armour, and "bristling" is a nearer equivalent than "crammed;" *laureat* is simply a prize-winner, and has nothing to do with laureled victory or the poet-laureate. Finally, the chief charm of De Vigny is his perfect simplicity.

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## DEFINITIONS OF WIT.

(See p. 109.)

I found considerable difficulty in awarding the Extra Prize. The best definition of Wit was given by "Arabella," the best essay was that of "A. S." In point of brevity and originality of examples, Mrs Booth is *facile princeps*, and on these grounds I award the prize to her.

## VARIOUS DEFINITIONS OF WIT.

The spark produced by collision of the tempered steel of genius with the rude flint of hard facts.

A flash in the brain-pan of genius.—*Tap*.

A double meaning showing double sense.—*U.*

Intellectual playfulness.—*Ada*.

"Wit consists in the arbitrary juxtaposition of dissimilar ideas for some lively purpose of assimilation or contrast, generally of both."—*Leigh Hunt*.

Wit is the faculty of detecting subtle analogies in incongruous elements and giving them apt and pointed expression.—*Trilobite*.

Wit is the creation by the combination of two dispartes of a third idea, of which the unexpectedness produces surprise, and the appropriateness pleasure.—*Arabella*.

Wit is that special kind of genius shown in the presentment of a true perception or a fine fancy, in an original form, with neatness or finish of expression, so as at once to arrest and amuse the reader.—*A. S.*

## VARIOUS EXAMPLES OF WIT.

A Scotchman who claimed that all the best poets were Scotch, and quoted the case of Shakespeare, replied to an objector's doubt whether Shakespeare was a Scotchman, that "his abeility would warrant the supposeetion."—*A. S.*

Wit may even be unconscious, as when the Yorkshire peasant-woman, rebuked by the parson for excessive grief over the death of her pig, and reminded that it might have pleased Providence to take one of her children, replied: "Ah well, the children would have gone to Heaven; but the pig is a dead loss."—*A. S.*

Sydney Smith's observation on a clergyman who seldom performed the duty in his own church—"He's like England, expecting every man to do his duty."—*A. S.*

A Scotch girl, on being questioned as to the meaning of "the pestilence that walketh in darkness," answered: "Oh, it's just bugs."

A discussion as to the comparative social weight of a judge and a bishop was settled by the remark, "Your judge can only say, 'Hang you !' but a bishop can say 'Damn you !'"—*M. C. T.*

General information paper: "Give an instance of capillary attraction." Answer by literary boy: "Beauty draws us by a single hair."—*Yorick.*

A Frenchman falling from a balloon was heard to exclaim, "Pourvu que cela continue !"

A North-country wife to a clergyman, who was trying to reconcile her to a good-for-nothing husband: "Well, I won't deny that he's been pleasant enough at times; all I say is, that if I'd took him in parts, I'd never have had him bound up."

The Master of Trinity on a foppish don: "The time that that young man can spare from neglecting his duties he spends on adorning his person."—*A. H. S.*

"Some folks tongues are like clocks as run on striking, not to tell you the time o' day, but because there's summat wrong i' their own inside."—*Stoker.*

Mirabeau had been giving to Tallyrand, in terms of which it was impossible to mistake the intended application, a description of the only man qualified to guide the Revolution. "He must be able to influence the nobles through his name and birth, and the people through his keen sympathy, his talents and eloquence." "Should he not also," asked Tallyrand, "be marked with the small-pox?"—*L. V. B. S.*

An American's opinion of long sermons: "If a man does not strike ile in the first twenty minutes, I conclude he is boring in the wrong direction."—*Delta.*

"The dear bishop, how good he is!" remarked a lady. "Good?" said a cynic present; "what else should he be? He is paid £5000 a year for being good. Look at us: we are expected to be good for nothing." "And most of you are," was the reply.—*Trilobite.*

A Scotch advocate was arguing an appeal case before the House of Lords. The Lord Chancellor, amused at the counsel's broad voice, asked him, "Do you spell *water* with two *t*'s in Scotland?" "No, my lord," was the sharp retort, "but we spell *manners* with two *n*'s."—*Thistledene*.

## LATIN ELEGIACS.

(See p. 73.)

By the courtesy of Dr Baker, Mr C. W. Moule, and of an anonymous Oxford correspondent, we are able to present our competitors with four fair copies, and need add but few comments. H. M. has written a very creditable set, the only serious flaw being the ambiguity of the last couplet, which leaves me uncertain whether he understood the sense. Most made the speaker a woman, which I think was a mistake. It is a poet speaking, and it is most natural to suppose it Blake himself. The lyric itself is remarkable as standing half-way between eighteenth and nineteenth century poetry. The form is classical ("vocal rage" is plusquam-classical), but the spirit is romantic. The modern feeling is only half veiled by the mythological garb. It is not Cupid sent down from Olympus, but the power of love in the air. This is where most versions failed, reproducing old tags. "Candida purpureis lilia mista rosis" is a good line, but on this score to be rejected.

## A FAIR COPY.

Quam mihi suave fuit per devia rura vaganti,  
 Libare aestivi temporis omne decus,  
 Ante deus quam visus erat, regnator amorum,  
 Ætheriam rosea luce secare viam.  
 Lilia monstravit nostris texenda capillis,  
 Purpureas, capiti sarta futura, rosas.  
 Et sibi me comitem junxit, pulchrosque per hortos,  
 Guadia qua crescunt aurea mille, tulit.  
 Halabant madidae vernis mihi roribus aæ,  
 Accedit numeros Phœbus et ipse meos ;

Serica crudeli sed retia fraude tetendit,  
Et septam aurato carcere clausit Amor.  
Assidet, et lætus vocem bibt aure canentis,  
Mille juvat ludos nectere, mille jocos,  
Et digitis tentat croceam pretendere pennam,  
Servitum ridens perfidus ille meum.

By Dr BAKER.

Protenus errabam dulces ego lætus in agros,  
Temporis æstivi munera plena legens,  
Cum mihi se Veneris puer puer obtulit ultro,  
Visus in aprico sole per arva vehi.  
Lilia monstravit, comptis decus esse capillis,  
Purpureas fronti nexuit ille rosas ;  
Prævius inde volans pulcrum mihi prodidit hortum,  
Aurea qua domino pullulat usque seges.  
At mihi cum gratis maduerunt roribus alæ,  
Arserat et Musæ, te duce, Phœbe, furor ;  
Tum vafer, injiciens bombycina retia, cepit ;  
Cepit, et aurato carcere detinuit.  
Nunc sedet irridens, gaudetque audire canentem,  
Et fruitur curis improbus ille meis ;  
Aut docet auratas captivum extendere pennas,  
Speque malus vana fallere semper amat.

By C. W. MOULE.

Pratis prata diu mutans ego læta vagabar ;  
Libabam æstivum ruris ubique decus :  
Cum subito adlabens apparuit ipse Cupido,  
Dum iubar apricos per volitatque locos.  
Ille mihi apta comis niteant ubi lilia monstrat,  
Et rubeant, fronti nata corolla, rosæ :  
Gaudiaque ostendit, suaves dux ipse per hortos,  
Purpurea ut crescant ordine quæque suo.  
Irrorat plumas iucunda adspergine Maius ;  
Ignis Apollinei vox mea plena calet ;

Et sua retia Amor, subtilia furta, paravit,  
 Et captam aureolo carcere clausit avem.  
 Juxta nunc solet ille sedens audire canentem ;  
 Mox nugas hilaris mille seritque iocos :  
 Deinde mihi auricomam protendens improbus alam,  
 “ Quo tibi Libertas ista refugit ? ” ait.

By Rev. E. M. YOUNG.

Quam mihi suave fuit mutare vireta viretis,  
 Dum fruor aestivi quicquid honoris erat.  
 Cum, radios inter librans se solis, amandi  
 Venit in aspectus arbiter ipse meos.  
 Lilia nectendis mihi crinibus apta, rubentes  
 Monstravit, capiti sarta parata, rosas.  
 Et mecum ingreditur pulchros dux ipse per hortos—  
 Aurea deliciis septa repleta suis.  
 Maius erat, ros gratus aqua mihi tinxerat alas ;  
 Intulerat rabiem fax tua, Phœbe, modis ;  
 Mollia cum tacita mihi retia fraude tetendit,  
 Captumque aurato carcere clausit Amor.  
 Ipse sedet iuxta cui vox mea grata canentis,  
 Mox risu indulgens ludit agitque dolis ;  
 Auratamve iocans capto distendit ut alam.  
 “ Quo tibi liberius posse volare ? ”—rogat.

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RÜCKERT'S TRANSLATION FROM THE PERSIAN.

(See p. 74.)

Version by “ F. W. B.”

Oh, kind is Death, that Life's long trouble closes,  
 Yet at Death's coming Life shrinks back affright ;  
 It sees the dark hand,—not that it encloses  
 A cup of light.

So oft the spirit, seeing Love draw nigh,  
As 'neath the shadow of destruction, quakes,  
For Self, dark tyrant of the soul, must die  
Where love awakes.

Aye, let him die in darkness ! But for thee,—  
Breathe thou the breath of morning and be free !

Version by "J. R. S."

Death, gentle foe, rids Life of woe,  
Yet shudders Life at Death, I trow ;  
Life but the gloomy hand beholds,  
Not the bright cup it offers : so  
Shudders a heart through fear of Love,  
As with impending overthrow ;  
Then, where Love wakes within the breast,  
Self, gloomy lord, in Death lies low ;  
Leave thou him in the night to die,  
And breathe free in the morning-glow.

NOTES ON RÜCKERT'S TRANSLATIONS FROM THE PERSIAN.

The battle this time was between the literalists and the libertines, and it long hung doubtful in the scale. I give my readers the opportunity of canvassing my decision, and only enter one caveat in self-defence. I was not influenced by the archaic spelling of the prize version, but regarded it as a harmless affectation. "F. W. B." has produced a lovely little lyric, and he may well plead, in behalf of his libertinism, that the thought is far more worth preserving than the form, which, as might be expected in a translation, is poor. The poem, in its austere simplicity, reminds one of Blake's illustration to "Blair's Grave ;" but through its artless repetitions and monotonous rimes there breathes a pure imaginative power, that makes the lines haunt one's memory like a fugue of Bach.

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## NOTES ON TRANSLATIONS OF EXTRACT FROM MOLIÈRE.

(See p. 76.)

The Prose Translations were more numerous but far inferior in quality to the Verse. Of the latter, at least four—"H. W.," "Arbutus," "Ono," and "Adhuc"—were up to the prize mark; of the former, the one I print is, in my opinion, the best, but it falls off sadly in the latter half, and was deformed by what looks like a bad mistranslation (*d'un cœur*, "from my heart"). The first paragraph, on the other hand, is cleverly turned. A large number, both of the prosaists and the versifiers, were led astray by forgetting that the passage is part of a speech in a comedy—not a farce, burlesque, or extravaganza. This consideration restricts the metre to blank verse or heroic couplets. "Patter," however clever, was ruled out of court. It bars also such vulgarisms or colloquialisms as "cad," "snob," "man about town," "masher," etc. Pope, who has evidently inspired "H. W.," seems to me the nearest English analogue. Of particular blunders, the most common were: 1. *Lache*, "cowardly," instead of "mean," "ignoble," "vile." 2. *Font combat de civilités vulgaires*, "make war on all with c.," instead of "vie in politeness," "bandy compliments." 3. *Une âme un peu bien située* is, of course, "a man of any proper pride," "with a spark of self-respect." 4. *Et la plus glorieuse* was the stone of stumbling to the better half, who referred it to *âme*. It must refer to *estime*, "the highest-flown praises," "the most splendid encomium." 5. *Je veux qu'on me distingue*, "My friend must pick me out," "I choose to be selected;" "distinguished" is ambiguous. 6. Those who translated *l'ami du genre humain* "philanthropist," must have failed to catch the general drift.

On the meaning of (4.) *Et la plus glorieuse*, etc., M. Caro was appealed to, and replied: "Je suis très heureux de pouvoir si facilement éclairer votre indécision littéraire dans le beau passage du *Misanthrope* qui vous arrête. Il n'est pas douteux que 'la plus glorieuse' se rapporte à *l'âme*. Molière a voulu dire: 'si l'âme *la plus glorieuse* (c'est-à-dire cette âme qui pousse le plus loin possible le sentiment de la gloire fausse ou vraie), celle-là même ne peu

s'estimer heureuse de se voir mêlée à l'univers entier.' Avec tous mes sentiments de fidèle et très-respectueuse sympathie.—E. CARO."

On the other hand, a professor of the University of France wrote to us: "The opinion of M. Darmsteter, Professor at the Sorbonne, is the same as Caro's, and is based not on instinctive feeling, but on the proper meaning of the terms. He says that *estime* is always *active* in meaning, or, if you like better, *subjective*. Thus *mon estime* is necessarily the esteem I *feel*, and not that of which I am the object. *Glorieux*, on the contrary (in the sense assumed by the partisans of your theory), is essentially *passive* or *objective*. He interprets it to mean *entouré de gloire*; the meaning "*qui donne la gloire*," being contrary to all the examples given by Littré, and to the practice of good speakers. There is, therefore, complete incompatibility between the use of *estime* and *glorieuse*. I confess that this reasoning seems quite convincing to me, though at first I thought as you do.

"It is, however, very important to remark that it is assumed throughout that Molière is to be credited with using the words with strict attention to their true sense, but this is contrary to the impression left by the whole passage, which is evidently carelessly written. There is in it something of Cornelian negligence and incorrectness. That it is not so easy to settle the difficulty as Caro airily asserts, is shown by the extraordinary fact that there should be a difference of opinion between first-rate scholars. For, on the one side you have Caro and Darmsteter, and on the other Littré (*vide* example under "*Régal*"), Faugère, James Darmsteter, formerly Grand Prix du Concours Général, and now Lecturer at the Ecole des Hautes Etudes, not to speak of my friend M. Martel, Professor at Vannes, and an old Normalian. My opinion is that so faulty a sentence is not worth all this discussion."

"Will you allow me," writes "A. S.," "a final word on those disputed lines in 'Le Misanthrope,' to which a French professor contributed his opinion in your last number? It seems to me that all have been more or less wrong in the view they took (though the last has come to the right conclusion), and that the whole controversy might have been spared had the real meaning given in that passage to the word 'glorieux' occurred to any of them. If they

had looked into the 'Dictionnaire de l'Académie,' they would have found, as a secondary meaning of the word 'glorieux,' 'qui est plein de vanité, de bonne opinion de lui-même.' It therefore plainly applies to the 'âmes,' not the 'estime,' and the couplet may be translated :

'The vainest is but little flattered when  
He sees himself mixed up with other men.'

This makes simple sense of it at once, and there seems no need to appeal to learned definitions as to 'active and subjective meanings' to show that 'glorieuse' cannot here agree with 'estime.' This meaning is still more obvious to the English reader, who remembers that in the Elizabethan times the word was used in the same way. 'The Earl of Bothwell . . . hath made boast that he will do great things. . . . He is a *glorious*, rash, and hazardous young man.'

"It may seem strange to correct learned Frenchmen about a passage in Molière, but should we think a modern learned Englishman necessarily infallible as to some obscure phrase in Shakespeare, or even later, but old-fashioned, authors ?

"Finally, I agree with this French professor that the line is not in itself worth all this disquisition, being flat and prosaic, as indeed is the whole passage, and a great deal more of Molière's versification. The pith of the whole could have been given in two or three couplets."

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#### NOTES ON TRANSLATIONS OF LYRIC BY HEYSE.

(See p. 80.)

The airiness and natural grace of Heyse's charming lyric were hard to transfer to English, and the most conscientious translators failed to reproduce the familiar freedom of the language, the abandon of the rhythm. Thus, in the first line, *gedulde dich fein* is almost as colloquial as "bide a bit," and to translate the following *Kammer* "bower" is an obvious discord. For *Hütt an Hüttlein* there is no equivalent ; cot and cottage are country, not town, and we must needs be content with the colourless "house." For *Andrer Gram*, etc., I should like "Joy hides sorrow and sorrow

joy," or some similar turn. In the prize version I do not like the refrain; "strong be" may pass for the sake of the jingle, but the iterated "be" of the third line jars on my ear. The two middle stanzas are good, and the double rimes keep well the tune of the original, but the penultimate stanza is weak.

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NOTES ON TRANSLATIONS OF EXTRACT FROM PASCAL'S  
"PENSÉES."

(See p. 82.)

I did not give the reference to Pascal's *Pensées*, knowing that there were various English translations, though none of those that I have consulted are up to prize mark. I do not know if I was equally justified in printing the old *Textus Receptus*, instead of one of the modern editions, Haret, Faugère, or Molinier. The chief *varia lectio* is in the first paragraph, *elles sont aussi infinies*, a decided improvement in sense. In the third paragraph modern editions read *quoique non en apparence*, or *quoique moins*, where the sense is the same. In the fifth paragraph, *pour durer dix ans davantage*,—comparatively few see that *pour durer* in either case must mean *s'il dure* or *quoiqu'il dure*. The prize lay between "K.," "Dis," and "Enid." The two former were learned, and added elaborate notes, but the last seemed to have tackled the passage *sua Marte*, and to have produced quite as good a version without resort to commentaries. "The treatise which takes away our breath" (this is perhaps the nearest English equivalent) *De omni scibili*, refers to Pico della Mirandola.

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NOTES ON TRANSLATIONS OF POEM BY THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

(See p. 86.)

Gautier's simple elegy may be turned almost word for word into English verse, without change of rime or metre, as the prize version shows. I have only to notice the very common misrendering in the first stanza—*flétrie par le trépas*, "blighted by sin." "B. E. S."

was good enough to send me a translation "published in *Temple Bar* some four years ago." The bathos of the last line, "And weep for hours," would have relegated it to a Second Class, and it has no countervailing merits.

NOTES ON TRANSLATIONS OF PASSAGE FROM FREYTAG'S  
"DOKTOR LUTHER."

(See p. 88.)

The Freytag presented no unusual difficulties, and might have been set as an unseen in the Woolwich or Indian Civil Service examination. A large proportion of the Fourth and Fifth Classes are due to the following misunderstandings: 1. *Stil*, stillness; 2. *be-wundernden Zeitgenossen*, bewildered contemporaries; 3. *des Feindes*, the Fiend; 4. *eine kleine Gehässigkeit*, a little animosity; 5. *einen wahren Künstlereifer*, a regular vulgar rage. It is hard to hit on an equivalent for *herzliches Schaffen*. "Creative energy" comes near to it, but hardly expresses the delight of creation. *Wirkt Versöhnend* must be turned in some such way as "make us (though not his victims) condone his scurrility." *Zwickt* was well rendered by Arbutus " tweaks and pinches."

EQUIVALENTS OF GERMAN PROVERBS.

(See p. 114.)

I offer an alternative version, not as superior to the Prize version, but to show that for each proverb there are more English equivalents than one.

1. "Fer John P. Robinson he sez the world 'll go right ef he hollers out Gee."
2. "A merry heart goes all the day, but a sad one tires in a mile a'."
3. "Who says nought and does all, welcome is in bower and hall."
4. "Though tongue and tooth be oft at strife, they still jog on like man and wife."

5. "Omittance is not quittance."—"A debt delayed is not paid."  
—"Docketed bills are not receipts."
6. "A mite given is banked in heaven: hell is paved with millions saved."
7. "God comes with leaden feet, but strikes with iron hands."
8. "Of all my mother's sons, I love myself the best."
9. "The world was young, and the world is hoar,  
But man hopes still as he hoped before."
10. "Tis easier to pick holes than to mend them."

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## NOTES ON TRANSLATIONS OF EXTRACT FROM MIRABEAU.

(See p. 90.)

The extract from Mirabeau's speech was full of traps for the unwary; and, if I had been exact to mark what was amiss, the First Class would have been still smaller. Besides a knowledge of French, it required some knowledge of the history of the times to get at the sense; and I am surprised at the small percentage of competitors who can have taken the trouble to look out "Mirabeau" in a good dictionary of biography, or turn to the year '90 in some historical primer like Mrs Gardiner's "French Revolution." But the passage offered, moreover, another difficulty, which no amount of care could wholly overcome. The speech was spoken, not written: the language is in places loose, and the metaphors will not bear pressing. Thus, "to baffle resistance" is hardly correct French—a mixture of *déjouer des complots* and *braver des résistances*: the Convention is "still pinioned by the swaddling-clothes of liberty," a mixture of the two notions, "still hidebound by the prejudices of feudalism," and "still in the infancy of its liberty." I will take in order the chief points of difficulty: 1. *Les convenances de la politique*, "political propriety," the conventional morality of political morality. 2. "One," as I have noticed before, is an awkward word in English, as having no corresponding possessive; it is easy to substitute "no one—his," or "we—our." 3. "To struggle

with imputations" is obviously ambiguous, but was very common. 4. "To excel in knowledge and talent," of the prize version, is hardly adequate; "and not the generous rivalry in superior knowledge and intelligence" is prolix, but nearer the mark. 5. "Pernicious to all, even to glory," is flat. I would suggest "fatal alike to the commonwealth and to their own reputation." 6. "But I will tell you" is not the English idiom; read, "And let me tell you this." 7. *Doive jamais*. The text given is from an inferior edition; Mirabeau, *Collection III.*, reads, *Ne doive jamais. Mea culpa*, but competitors ought, as many did, to have smelt a rat, and seen that "ever" makes nonsense. 8. *Pour passer au sein des communes* is a hard nut to crack. Saving common-sense would have prevented such versions as "to join the communists," "to get to the heart of communism," "to enter the local governing bodies." The general sense is clear. Mirabeau is really vaunting his own conduct, when, after rejection by the nobles of Provence, he abjured his rank as a noble in order to be elected as a deputy of the *Tiers état*. But, whether the exact translation is "to pass to the ranks of the Commons," or "take their seat amongst the Commons," is arguable. On the whole, I incline to think that *le sein des communes* is an equivalent of the Assembly of the Third Estate. 9. Only 15 out of the 550 translated *s'honoreront* right; most rendered it as though it were *seront honorés*. "Will be honoured to the tombs of their friends and foes," will account for a good many of the Fifth Class.

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#### NOTES ON NOVELS FOR A LADIES' COLLEGE.

(See p. 116.)

In adjudging the prize the Editor was guided by the following considerations: 1. The list should be representative—should include various styles, and cater for different tastes. To include three or four works by the same author is obviously a mistake. 2. "Recent" and "classics" are vague terms, but the P. E. read his instructions as excluding such famous novels as "Hypatia," "Mary Barton," "Villette." 3. Novels like Ouida's are obviously debarred, and Miss Broughton's are on the border-line. 4. "Vice

Versâ," "Piccadilly," "The Little Schoolmaster Mark," are not novels in the strict sense. 5. New and comparatively unknown novels are *ceteris paribus* better fitted for the purpose than older and well-known favourites.

The Prize Editor hardly realised what he was undertaking when he consented to adjudge this prize ; 345 lists were sent in, containing the names of over 1000 novels, and it took some thirty hours to produce the following tabular statement. (The works of G. Eliot, C. Kingsley, Bulwer Lytton, and A. Trollope, have been excluded, though high up in the list, as debarred by the terms of the competition. The number against each novel indicates the times it was mentioned :

225. Lorna Doone—R. D. Blackmore.
195. John Inglesant—Shorthouse.
151. All Sorts and Conditions of Men—W. Besant.
136. Princess of Thule—W. Black.
127. Wives and Daughters—Mrs Gaskell.
109. John Halifax—Miss Mulock.
88. Old Kensington—Miss Thackeray.
77. Castle Daly—Miss Keary.
70. Golden Butterfly—Besant and Rice.
55. Atelier du Lys—Miss Roberts.
50. North and South—Mrs Gaskell.
49. The Cloister and the Hearth—Charles Reade.
49. Mr Isaacs—Marion Crawford.
45. Strange Adventures of a Phæton—W. Black.
44. Robert Falconer—G. Macdonald.
44. A Daughter of Heth—W. Black.
42. Dr Claudius—Marion Crawford.
41. Sir Gibbie—G. Macdonald.
37. Alec Forbes—G. Macdonald.
36. Heir of Redclyffe—Miss Yonge.
34. Cranford—Mrs Gaskell.
33. Mary Barton—Mrs Gaskell.
28. Shadow of the Sword—R. Buchanan.
27. Sunrise—W. Black.

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26. Chaplet of Pearls—Miss Yonge.  
 26. Dear Lady Disdain—J. MacCarthy.  
 25. The Ordeal of Richard Feverell—G. Meredith.

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NOTES ON TRANSLATIONS OF PASSAGE FROM  
 PHILARÈTE CHASLES.

(See p. 94.)

The passage of French prose was tempting as virgin ice to the skater, and as slippery, though there were no obvious pitfalls as in last month's. The centre of gravity was the Third Class—exercises for which a sixth form boy would have got full or nearly full marks. 1. In the first sentence there is no exact equivalent for the French idiom ; if we translate “brings visibly and palpably before us,” the *comme on dit* is hardly needed. 2. *On y voit*—“in it” is superfluous and weak. 3. *On prête*, etc.—Most missed the figure—Canace's ring, by virtue of which she heard the grass grow, or travellers' tales of the audible rising of the sap in tropical forests. “Vegetation” is a crude rendering. I should prefer “teeming growth of civilisation.” 4. *Les peuples politiques*.—“Politicians” or “politic people” was a very common blunder ; even “politic nations” hardly expresses it. *Tout le monde* is not “the whole world,” but “the whole community.” 5. *Attermolements*—properly “postponed payments,” so “compromises.” “Victories which are half defeats” was a happy turn. 6. *La mutilation*, etc.—Here a verbal translation gives hardly intelligible English. The prize version does not satisfy me. I would suggest “by the gradual curtailment of all the pretensions of despotism, and disappearance of all the dreams of privilege.”

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NOTES ON LIST OF FRENCH NOVELS.

(See p. 117.)

M. von Laun, who kindly consented to adjudge this prize, writes to us :

“ Dear Sir,—I enclose the list of French novels to which I think

the prize ought to be awarded. The following novels received the highest votes ; I have placed them in their numerical order :

- “ Hector Malot, . . . Sans Famille.
- G. Ohnet, . . . Le Maitre de Forges.
- L. Halévy, . . . L'abbé Constantin.
- E. About, . . . Le roman d'un brave homme.
- H. Gréville, . . . Dosia.
- A. Craven, . . . Fleurange.
- G. Ohnet, . . . Serge Panine.
- O. Feuillet, . . . Le roman d'un jeune homme pauvre.
- A. Craven, . . . Eliane.
- L. Halévy, . . . Criquette.
- H. Gréville, . . . Le moulin Frappier.
- E. Bersier, . . . Micheline.

A good number of various other novels obtained only two, three, and sometimes four votes, and several only one vote. Many contributors gave lists of novels of which the generality had been published before 1870 ; and a few—I am happy to say only a few—mentioned the titles of some works which are a disgrace to the present state of French literature, and thus gave evident proof that they had not read the books they recommended. Others, again, forgot that “novels” were asked for, and placed on their lists biographical works, memoirs, and travels, whilst sometimes even translations into French of novels written in other languages were mentioned. Only three contributors named one of the best and ‘safest’ novels published within the last ten years, ‘Mdme. Lambelle,’ by G. Toudouze.

“ Instead of giving my own list of the twelve French novels published since 1870, allow me to recommend those which I think as a class can ‘safely lie on a drawing-room table’ :

- “ All novels written by André Théuriel.
- Nearly all novels written by H. Gréville.
- Nearly all novels by E. Berthet (but certainly *not all*)  
written since 1870.
- All the novels of Erckmann-Chatrian.
- All those of Mdme. Bourdon.

All those of Mdle. Z. Fleuriot.

„ Mdme. E. Raymond.

„ M. Sebran.

„ Mdme. de Witt.

And all those written by Mdme. Bersier.

Nearly all the novels and tales of adventures of A. de Lamothe and Raoul de Navery, though Roman Catholic in their tendencies, can safely be put in the hands of any lady.

“The difficulty of recommending French novels lies chiefly in the fact that French novel-writers discuss all kinds of social and so-called physiological subjects, so that the generality of their works is quite unfit to be placed before any young English girls or decent English women. Moreover, these authors are not so careful in their expressions as they should be, and many a time sacrifice decorum to what they are pleased to call a good joke or a ‘bon-mot.’

“Believe me, faithfully yours,

“HENRI VON LAUN.

“Number of candidates, 108.”

M. von Laun undertook last month *periculoseae plenum opus aiae*, and his award has called forth many criticisms. Mr F. C. Turner writes,—“The prize list is really invalidated, as it includes a book which cannot, by any stretch of the term, be described as a novel—Gustave Droz’s ‘Tristesses et Sourires.’” He further points out that M. von Laun’s list, including as it does Bourde, Haller, etc., and excluding Daudet, Feuillet, Cherbuliez, Ohnet, Gaboriau, and Mme. Gogneur, is rather a selection for a ladies’ school than for the drawing-room table.

Miss Kingsley writes protesting against the inclusion of Theuriet in the list of safe authors. “I have not found one of his books, save that exquisite little volume, ‘Sous Bois,’ which I would recommend to any young girl.” Other correspondents name several objectionable novels by Theuriet.

“Vetter aus Bremen” points out that Feuillet’s “Roman d’un jeune homme pauvre” appeared in 1854.

THE END.



